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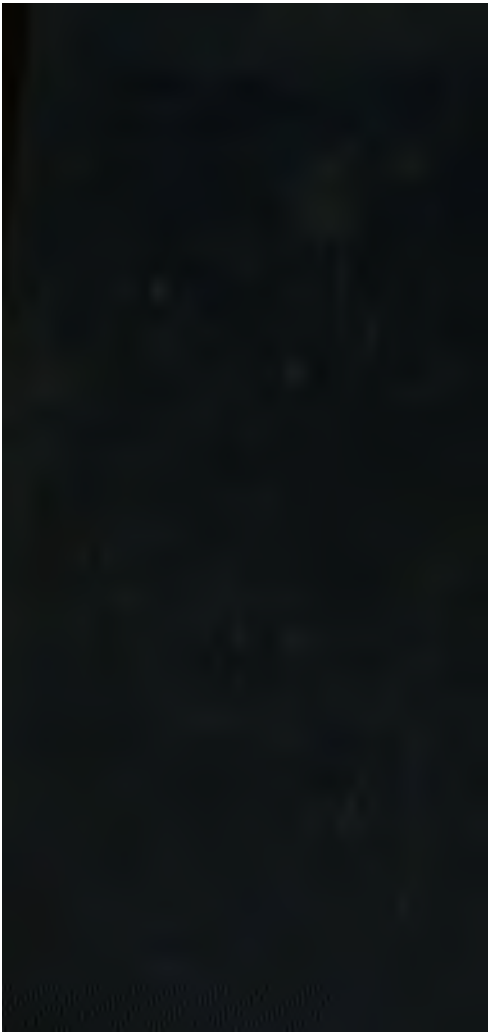

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JUVENILE SERIES.

VOL. X.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND:

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM THE VARIOUS WORKS OF ARNAUD BERQUIN.

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF AMERICAN READERS.

WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BOSTON:
THOMAS H. WEBB & CO.

THIS VOLUME IS SANCTIONED, BY THE BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, AS ONE OF THE SERIES, ENTITLED, 'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY,' PUBLISHED BY MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB.

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THE

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MARSH, CAPEN, LYON, AND WEBB.
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PREFACE.

Among the earliest and most vivid of my recollections, are those implanted by the books with which my young mind was furnished. None of these have retained a stronger hold upon my memory, than 'The Beauties of the Children's Friend,' selected 'from that celebrated Author, M. Berquin;' and I well recollect the delight which I experienced, when I was able to possess the whole work, of which 'The Beauties' had been presented to me. Those days have passed away, and have been succeeded by others of toil and trial; but my remembrance of the 'Children's Friend' is still fresh and vivid. Even now, I read its pages with childish interest; and, when my brain has been fatigued and bewildered, by close application to abstruser subjects, the simple pieces of M. Berquin have often served to refresh and invigorate my tired spirits.

The following pages are taken from his 'L'Ami des Enfans,' or, 'Children's Friend,'

'L'Ami des Adolescens,' or, 'Youth's Friend,' and his 'Livre de Famille, ou Journal des Enfans,' or, 'Book for the Family, or Journal for Children.' Not being satisfied with either of the translations which I have seen, all of the following pieces have been revised and rewritten; and have been altered and amended, so as the better to adapt them to the purpose for which this Volume is intended,—one of the Juvenile Series of 'THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.' Some of the pieces have never before appeared in this country, and are to be found only in the Author's larger works, and in the French edition.

These productions of M. Berquin are so simple, that very young children can understand every word which he uses. It would be well if all writers for children were as successful in this respect.

In order to give greater interest to this selection, I have prepared a brief sketch of the Life and Writings of the Author, principally taken from the Eulogy of J. J. Regnault Warrin, prefixed to the French edition of Berquin's Works, in twenty-eight volumes.

J. W. I.

Boston, Aug. 28, 1840.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

ARNAUD BERQUIN.

To gratify a very natural feeling in the readers of the present Volume, who may be expected to wish for some information respecting him, to whom the title of his own most popular work,—'The Children's Friend',—was truly applicable, we propose to give,—all we are able,—a brief sketch of the talented and amiable Author, with some notice of his various writings. A studied eulogium is unnecessary. His works will speak for him better than any eulogy, and are a prouder and more enduring monument, than marble or granite.

Arnaud Berquin was born in the year of our Lord, 1750, in Bordeaux, a small town in the province of Normandy, not far from Havre-de-Grace, one of the principal seaports of France. He began, at an early age, to show a fondness for reading, particularly works of imagination. He was also a poet, and composed many little pieces, while he was very young. When his parents discovered this, they were unwilling that he should follow his inclinations in this respect, and often punished him for so doing.

They probably feared that a fondness for writing poetry, while it excited his imagination, would render him incapable of more serious and important studies.

Berquin early went from his native place to Paris, and there, amidst the bustle and confusion of that celebrated city, he added to the copious store, which he had already gathered in the country, of the materials, from which he so naturally portrayed the virtues and the vices, the light and dark shades, of the characters he exhibits. In these portraitures, we see the marks of great genius, united to a knowledge of the world, and combining the lights of science and experience. Before he published any thing, Berquin instructed his own heart, and gave his genius, as yet unpolished, that tempering of urbanity, that feeling of propriety, that beauty and delicacy, which so eminently characterize all his works.

He published, in the year 1774, a collection of idyls, or small, short poems, in which we discover great fertility of invention, a happy faculty of creating incidents, and clothing them with vigorous beauty and simplicity. His models were natural, his pictures being drawn from the incidents of everyday life, and colored with the graces of poetry and originality of expression. These idyls he designed for very young readers. They abound with beauties, possess sweetness, sensibility, elegance, and pathos, and invest virtue with new charms. These were the first works, by which he attracted public attention.

In 1777, he wrote several romantic tales, and a number of useful works to aid in the business of education. His genius was too modest to inspire him with the desire of vast enterprises: these he left to others; while he contented himself with the humbler, but far more extensively useful, task, of writing for the young. His most valuable literary productions, and those most admired, were for children, for whose artless virtues he had an unsophisticated relish; and in whose simple pleasures and pastimes he took great delight.

Berquin had observed that most of the surprising stories which he had heard at an early and credulous age, not only peopled the imagination with a host of whimsical ideas, but also had a tendency to instil chimerical errors and dangerous infatuations. He knew that several benevolent writers had generously taken upon them to attempt to rectify these hurtful impressions, without having sufficient agreeableness to please, or art enough to persuade. Consequently, their productions failed to produce their intended effect. Berquin knew he had the talent and the taste to effect this desirable object; and he determined to do so. And, in order to produce more efficacy, he gave his pieces to the world periodically. Every number which he published, possessed new interest, uniting the useful with the agreeable, and exciting a desire for the numbers which were to follow.

'The Children's Friend' was commenced in

the year 1778, and continued to be published, from that time, till 1784, in which year, the French Academy, a learned literary association in Paris, awarded to him a prize for this, as the most useful work which had appeared during that year. This interesting collection, which conveys instruction to the youthful mind, and leads it, by an amusing and agreeable narrative, clothed in spirited dialogue, to the admiration and the love of virtuous and honorable actions, has been frequently published in other countries, and translated into various languages of Europe.

'The Children's Friend' was followed by various other publications for young persons; among them, 'The Youth's Friend,' published in 1785, in three volumes; a 'Book for Villagers;' 'The Book for the Family, or, Journal for Children;' and others. He also translated into the French language many popular works for children, such as 'Sandford and Merton,' and several of the works of Mrs. Trimmer, and others.

If we take a hasty glance at the collection of our Author, we may, at first, be ready to suppose, from the great number of pieces of a similar character, that they present nothing but confusion and disorder. But the apparent disorder, or, to speak more correctly, the apparent want of regularity, which we notice, is as far as possible to be distinguished from disorganization and derangement. It rather resembles the varied character which Nature presents to our notice in a beautiful landscape; where, near

by a dark wood, she places a verdant declivity; contrasts the limpid rivulet with the aridity of sterile sands; a solitary flower with the rocks among which it grew; or the ear of nutritious corn with the mass of parasitic turf near by. Such is this Book; such are all the works of Berquin. In order to compose them, he laid under contribution all the authors and all the collections to which he was able to gain access; and thus greatly enriched his own work.

That which proves, perhaps, above any thing else, the true value and utility of the works of our Author, and the happy influence which he exerted on education, is, that, the more his works are read, the more do they please; and when read again, in afterlife, they are perceived to possess, not only the ornaments which were intended to embellish the pieces, and fix them in the memory of the child, but also many elegances which had before escaped notice. Let the narratives, the dramas, the dialogues, which make up the 'Children's Friend,' 'The Friend of Youth,' and the 'Book of the Family,' be divested of their agreeable form, and they will still be found to have marked literary merit, joining together elegance of expression with truth of sentiment, as well as the merit of teaching maxims, true, natural, and social, of which the application is easy, and the practice presents but few difficulties.

Although, as we have said, Berquin, in his publications, did not adopt any regular method,

he yet adhered, with much skill, to the slow, insensible, and invariable march of Nature in developing the faculties of man. His works for young children are peculiarly fitted to their age and capacities; and those for readers more advanced, are no less happily adapted to their condition. He observed what took place around him, and treasured up in his memory all that he saw. And when it was necessary, he transformed these treasures, thus stored up, into available riches, with which he decorated the works of his imagination, as the skilful artist changes to precious jewels the shapeless and coarse mass of stone or metal.

We have no room to analyze these interesting productions, which form, of themselves, a library for children. All Berquin's works are the offspring of contemplation and deep thought. They abound in natural talent. Our Author is commonly happy in the choice of good subjects; the plan of each is well conceived; his characters are drawn with truth; the dialogues are easy, natural, and very ingenious; he takes his infantile scenes and artless movements from an age which has no disguise, and which appears without effort; and thus he gives living portraits of the virtues and vices of social life.

M. Berquin died in Paris, on the twenty-first of December, 1791, in the forty-third year of his age. He was honored in his life, and deeply lamented in his death. His works praise him.

THE FOUR SEASONS;

OR, THE ABSURDITY OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S WISHES EXPOSED.

"O! THAT Winter would last for ever!" cried little Frank, as he came home from sliding upon the ice, after amusing himself by making figures of various shapes with the snow in the garden, and totally regardless of any other season.

Mr. Goodman, his father, hearing this exclamation, called to him, and said, "Frank, you will oblige me, by writing down that wish in a blank leaf of my pocketbook." Frank instantly obeyed, though his hand shook with the cold.

The Winter glided imperceptibly away, and the Spring succeeded, in due time.

Frank walked out, one morning, with his father, along a bank that was bordered with beautiful Spring-flowers, and he was almost transported with delight, while he breathed their fragrance, and admired their freshness and beauty.

"These," said Mr. Goodman, "are the productions of Spring. They are brilliant, but they are of short duration."

"O!" answered Frank, "that it were always Spring!"

"Be so good as to write this wish in my pocketbook," said his father. Frank, jumping with high spirits and joy, readily complied.

Soon the trees, which lately were only budding, were in full leaf,—a sure sign that Spring was departing, and that the Summer was at hand.

Frank, one fine afternoon, went with his father and mother, and some of his young companions, on a visit to a neighboring village. Their walk was delightful,—affording them a prospect of great extent and magnificence.

They observed, as they proceeded, the most beautiful variety of views and objects : sometimes, they admired the young, green corn, waving lightly with the wind, like a calm sea in its softest motion, when agitated by a gentle breeze; and then a meadow enamelled with a profusion of various flowers. Here, they beheld young lambs at play, sporting by the side of their dams, and frisking and bounding on the hills ; there, little chickens were playing gambols around the hen. But, what was still more pleasing to Frank, they regaled themselves with cherries, strawberries, and other fruits of the season ; and they passed the whole day, amusing themselves in the fields. So pleasant a day afforded them the summit of delight, and their little hearts danced in their bosoms, with joy.

" Do you not find, Frank," said his father, as they were returning home, " that Summer hath its delightful pleasures ?"

" O yes !" answered Frank, " I wish it was to last the whole year !"

This wish, also, at the desire of his father, he wrote in his pocketbook.

Autumn at length arrived, and all the family

went into the country, to see and enjoy the harvest. It was one of those pleasant days, not quite so hot as in Summer ; when the air was soft, and the sky clear and serene. The wagons were loading with rich sheaves of golden corn ; the gardens and orchards were loaded with fruit, and blooming with ripe plums and crimson mulberries ; the round, plump melons diffused a delicious odor ; and the branches of the apple-trees were bending with their fruit.

This was a day of feasting for Frank, who loved nothing so much as grapes, peaches, and rich plums, and who was allowed the full enjoyment of gathering them himself, which made them taste so much the sweeter.

" This season of rich abundance, Frank," said his father, " will soon be over ; the Winter is rapidly advancing towards us, and will speedily take the place of the Autumn."

" O ! how I wish," cried Frank, " that it would stop by the way, and that the Autumn would never leave us !"

"And should you like that, Frank ?" said his father.

" That I should, I assure you, papa," replied he.

" But pray," said his father, taking a book from his pocket, " look at what is written here. Read it aloud."

Frank, (*reading*.) " O ! that Winter would last for ever !"

Mr. Goodman. Now, look two or three leaves further, and read what you there find.

F. (*reading.*) "O! that it were always Spring.

Mr. G. Look now, at this page; what do you find here?

F. (*reading.*) "I wish that Summer was to last the whole year!"

Mr. G. Do you know in whose handwriting all this is?

F. Yes, papa; it is in my own.

Mr. G. And what were you wishing, just now?

F. That Winter would stop by the way, and that the Autumn would never leave us!

Mr. G. This is really worthy of attention. In the Winter, you wished it should always be Winter; in the Spring, that it should always be Spring; in the Summer that it should always be Summer; and now, to-day, in the Autumn, you wish that it should always be Autumn. Do you reflect upon what may be gathered, from wishes so contradictory?

F. Why, I suppose, papa, that all the Seasons are good, in their turn.

Mr. G. Yes, my son, they are all good, and all fertile in riches, and in pleasures. God understands, much better than we do, limited creatures that we are, how to direct and to govern their retreat and their approach.

The present moment of enjoyment is all of which young people generally think. Had it depended upon you, last Winter, we should no more have seen either Spring, Summer, or Autumn. You would have covered the earth with a perpet-

ual frost; the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, would either have been starved or frozen to death; and you would have been a stranger to all pleasure, but that of sliding upon the ice, and of forming figures with the snow: and even this would soon have become tiresome to you. Of how many blessings and enjoyments would you have been deprived by your arrangement!

It is fortunate for us, that it is not in our power to regulate the course of Nature. All happiness would otherwise be over with us, for ever, merely by the grant of our presumptuous wishes. Were we to have our own way, the wise and unerring designs of Providence, in favor of mankind, would most probably be perverted to our own irretrievable ruin.

THE SNOW.

LOUISA'S TENDERNESS TO THE LITTLE BIRDS IN WINTER.

HOWEVER long the Winter may appear, the Spring will naturally succeed it. At the time of which I write, after many flattering but deceitful appearances, the Spring at length returned. The soft-blowing wind again warmed the air, the snow was melted, the grass recovered its beautiful green, the flowers sent forth fragrance, and the birds were heard singing, from every bough. Little Louisa was taken into the country by her father:

but scarcely had she listened, with delight, to the early songs of the birds, and gathered the first budding violets, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, the weather again changed. All at once, the the wind rose in the north, with violence ; it blew furiously through the woods, and the ground was covered with snow. At night, little Louisa went to bed, shivering with cold ; yet she did not fail to return thanks, in her prayers to God, that he had given her so safe a shelter from the inclemency of the weather. . .

The next morning, when she arose, the flowers, the grass, the hedges, were all white. There had been, during the night, so great a fall of snow, that the passengers, who were obliged to walk in it, found it up to their knees, and the roads were almost impassable.

Louisa was grieved at the sight ; but the little birds seemed much more so ; for the snow lay so deep upon the ground, that they could find neither grain nor worm, to appease their hunger.

The little feathered inhabitants of the woods and groves now flew to the neighborhood of the towns and the villages, to seek for refuge and protection. Large flights of sparrows, linnets, robins, and other birds, came into the yards and gardens, perched upon the roofs of the houses, and, with their little bills and their feet, examined every heap of rubbish they could find, in hopes of picking up something for food.

A great number of these little ramblers alighted in the court-yard of Louisa's father's house. Lou-

isa saw them, and, full of sorrow, went into her papa's room. "What is the matter, my love?" said he. "O papa!" she answered, "those poor little birds, that sung so prettily and so merrily, only a day or two ago, are now all in the court-yard, quite benumbed with cold, and have nothing to eat. May I go to the barn, papa, and get some grain for them?"

"With all my heart," answered her father. Louisa waited for nothing more. The barn was at some distance from the house; but she hastened to it, with all speed, accompanied by her governess, and eagerly filled her hands with corn and hemp-seed, which she scattered in different parts of the court-yard. The poor little birds now flocked around her, in great numbers, eagerly picking up the smallest seed. Louisa stood some time looking at them, and was overjoyed at the sight. She then went to her father and mother, begging them to come and look, too, and take part in her joy.

But these little handfuls of grain were soon devoured; and the birds then flew to the edges of the roof of the house, and, sorrowfully looking at Louisa, seemed to say,—Have you nothing more to give us?

Louisa understood their language; and swiftly ran in search of more grain. In her way, she met with a boy, who was carrying in his hand a cage filled with birds, but who had by no means so compassionate a heart as Louisa's; for he shook the cage so roughly, as he went along, that

the poor little animals were continually beaten against the wire bars.

Louisa saw this with much concern, and could not bear to see the poor little creatures used so roughly. "What are you going to do with those birds?" cried she to the boy.

"I do not know yet," answered he, "but I shall sell them, if I can; and if nobody will buy them, I shall make a feast of them for my cat."

"Your cat!" cried Louisa; "your cat! O! you wicked boy! What! suffer those innocent little things to be killed by the merciless claws of a cat!"

"O! they will not be the first," cried he, "that she has had to craunch alive between her teeth." And then, carelessly swinging about the cage, so as to tumble the poor birds one over another, he was walking off.

Louisa stopped him, and asked how much he would take for them?

"I will sell them all at three for a cent," he answered; "and there are eighteen of them."

"Very well, I will take them of you," cried Louisa; and, bidding the boy follow her, she hurried to her father, and begged his permission to make the purchase.

Her father readily consented, and not only gave her the money, but also allowed her the use of an empty room, in which to keep them.

The boy, well satisfied with his bargain, told his companions that he knew a young lady who bought birds.

In a few hours, so many other boys came with more of these little animals, to the court-yard, before Louisa's house, that the place seemed turned into a bird-market. They all pressed about her, when she came in sight, trying to jump one above the other, and lifting their cages up with both their hands, each recommending to her the birds belonging to himself.

Louisa bought all that were offered to her, and carried them into the room where she had placed the others.

She did not leave them, till night; and never before had she gone to bed so pleased and delighted, as she did then. "How happy I am," said she, "to have been permitted to save the lives of so many innocent little creatures, to preserve them from famine and the merciless cats, and now to have the feeding of them, myself! When Summer comes, and I go into the fields and woods, my little guests will fly about me, and sing me their prettiest songs, to thank me for all the care I have taken of them."

With these thoughts she fell asleep, and dreamed that she was in a very beautiful grove, where every tree was peopled with birds, hopping from bough to bough, and gayly warbling, or feeding their young. Louisa, at the sight, smiled in her sleep.

She rose very early; and the first thing she did was to get food for her little visiters, both in her room and in the court-yard: but she was not quite so happy, to-day, as she had been the night before.

Though the seed to feed them cost her nothing, yet she recollected what money she had had in her purse, and that but little could now remain. "If this snowy weather lasts some days longer," said she to herself, "what will become of all the rest of the birds? The naughty boys will give them all alive to be eaten up by their cats, or suffer them to die with hunger; and, for want of a little more money, I shall not be able to save them."

With these melancholy thoughts, she slowly drew out her purse, to count over the little treasure that she had remaining; but what was her amazement, to feel it quite heavy! She opened it, and found it full of coins of different value. She flew to her father, and, in a transport of surprise and joy, related what had happened to her.

Her father took her in his arms, and, while he tenderly embraced her, he shed tears of joy upon her blooming cheeks.

"My dearest child!" said he, "you have never given me so much satisfaction as at this moment. Continue still to assist all the little suffering creatures that are in your power, and as fast as your purse is emptied, you shall again see it filled."

What joy was this for Louisa! She ran into her birds' apartment, with her apron full of hempseed and corn. The birds flew to her, with eyes that showed how eager they were for their breakfasts, while they seemed conscious of her bounty. She then went into the court-yard, where she gave another plentiful repast to her hungry visiters.

What an important trust had she now taken upon herself! She saw, that she had nearly a hundred pensioners to nourish, within doors, and a greater number without. What pleasure, what rapture to her, was this! Never had her dolls or her playthings afforded her such delight.

In the afternoon, as she put her hand into her seed-bag, she found a little slip of paper, containing these words: "The inhabitants of the air fly towards Thee, O Lord! and Thou givest them nourishment: Thou puttest forth Thy hand, and pourest down Thy blessings upon every thing that has life."

She eagerly turned to her father, who had followed her, and exclaimed: "I, then, papa, am now imitating God; for the inhabitants of the air fly towards me, and when I put forth my hand I bestow blessings upon them."

"Yes, my child," said her father; "every time we do good to any living creature, we are humbly imitating our Maker. When you are grown up, you may succor your fellow-creatures, as you now succor these little birds: and the more good you do, the more nearly you will resemble your Creator. What happiness for a human being, to be able to do any thing in imitation of God! For more than a week, Louisa continued to *put forth her hand, and pour down blessings* upon all the little hungry animals that surrounded her. At length, the snow melted, and the fields, by degrees, recovered their former verdure. The birds, which had not dared to quit the shelter of the

houses, now spread their wings towards the fields and the groves.

But those, which were in little Louisa's bird-apartment, were still her guests. At the return of the sun, they flew to the windows, and beat their little wings and bills against the glass; but all in vain: their prison was too strong for their resistance; and Louisa had no idea of their misery, though she could not help observing, that they appeared to be uneasy.

One day, when she was carrying them some food, her father came into the room; and Louisa was delighted to make him the spectator of her amusement. She then asked him, if he could tell her why the birds looked so restless and uneasy, and as if they wanted something.

"Perhaps," said he, "they have left in the fields and woods some companions, whom they wish to see again."

"Very true, papa; perhaps they have; for they have looked quite unhappy, ever since the fine weather. I will go and open the window, and let them all fly away."

"I think you will do quite right," answered her father; "for you will make a general joy throughout the country. These little prisoners will go and find their companions again; and they will fly before them, just as you run before me, when I come home, after I have been absent a few days."

All the windows were opened before he had finished speaking. The birds instantly perceived

it, and, in a minute, not one remained in the room. Some of them grazed the earth with their wings; others mounted upwards, towards the sky: some perched upon the adjoining trees, and others flew backwards and forwards before the windows, singing and chirping, and rejoicing in the pleasure of their restored liberty.

Louisa walked out into the fields and woods, every day, during Summer, and, on each side, as she turned, she always heard or saw some birds. Now, the early lark took its flight from her feet, and sung his joyful song, in ascending to the clouds; and now, the robin sent forth his cheerful notes, as he perched upon the tops of the bushes: and, when any one distinguished itself, by warbling with unusual sweetness, Louisa said to herself, "O! I dare say that was one of my little guests! for I am sure I can tell, by his voice, that he was well fed in the Winter."

ROSETTA, AND HER CANARY-BIRD.

"CANARY-BIRDS to sell! who 'll buy canary-birds? choice, fine canary-birds!" cried a man who was passing by the house where little Rosetta lived. She heard him, and, running to the window, looked into the street, where she saw a bird-seller, carrying upon his head a large cage filled with canary-birds. They hopped about so nimbly, from perch to perch, and warbled so

sweetly, that Rosetta, in the eagerness of her curiosity, almost threw herself out of the window, while she endeavored to get a nearer view of them.

"Will you buy a canary-bird? Miss," said the bird-man to her.

"Perhaps I may," answered Rosetta; "but I cannot of my own accord. If you will wait a moment, I will run and ask my papa's leave."

The man readily agreed to wait; and, seeing a post on the other side of the street, he went thither, and rested his cage upon it. Rosetta in the mean time ran to her father's chamber, and, quite out of breath, called out, "Papa, papa! pray come to the window; pray come, directly; quick, papa; make haste!"

Mr. Godfrey. And pray, what is the hurry?

Rosetta. Why, there is a man in the street that sells canary-birds: I dare say he has more than a hundred. He carries a large cage, quite full of them, upon his head!

Mr. G. And why does that make you so joyful?

R. Why, papa, because I want——that is, I mean,—if you will give me leave——I should like to buy one.

Mr. G. But have you money enough?

R. O yes! papa, I have enough in my purse.

Mr. G. And who will feed the poor thing?

R. I will, papa; I will feed him, myself. You shall see me: O! I am sure he will be very glad to be my bird.

Mr. G. Ah! I am afraid——

R. Of what, papa?

Mr. G. That you will let him die of hunger or thirst.

R. I, papa! I let him die of hunger or thirst! O, no! indeed. I will never touch a morsel of breakfast, myself, till I have fed him.

Mr. G. O Rosetta! Rosetta! you know how giddy you are! And one single day's forgetfulness will kill the poor bird.

Rosetta, however, made such fair promises to her father; she pleaded, entreated, hung by the skirt of his coat, and begged his consent, with so much earnestness,—that Mr. Godfrey at length consented to her request.

He then took her hand, and led her into the street, and, when they came up to the man, he chose the most beautiful bird that was in his cage. It was a male, with feathers of the brightest yellow, and a little black tuft, or crest, upon his head.

Who, now, was so happy as Rosetta? She gave her purse to her papa, that he might pay for the bird. But what was to be done, without a cage? Rosetta had not money enough to buy one; but, on her again promising her father that she would take great care to feed the bird, he took money from his own purse, and bought a very handsome cage, with two pretty drawers, to hold seed, and a fountain of crystal, of which he made her a present.

No sooner had Rosetta given her new favorite possession of its little palace, than she ran to every

part of the house, calling her mamma, her sisters, and all the servants, to come and see the pretty canary-bird which her father had permitted her to buy. When any of her young friends came to see her, the first words she said to them, were, "Do you know I have the prettiest canary-bird in the whole world? He is as yellow as gold, and he has a black tuft upon his head, like the plumes of mamma's hat. Come, and you shall see it: his name is Darling."

Darling, thus highly in favor, fared extremely well, under the care of Rosetta. The moment she rose, every morning, her first business was to procure fresh seed, and the clearest water for Darling. Whenever there were any nice cakes or biscuits at her father's table, Darling had his part of it, first. She had always some little bits of sugar in reserve for him; and his cage was constantly garnished with fresh chickweed, and various good little things.

Darling was not ungrateful for her attentions: he soon learnt to distinguish Rosetta from the rest of the family; and the instant he heard her foot-step, he fluttered his little wings, and kept up an incessant chirping. It is no wonder, therefore, if Darling and Rosetta became very fond of each other.

In about a week, he began to sing, and produced the most delightful music. Sometimes, he swelled his wild little notes to such a length, that one would have thought he must have expired, with fatigue, in the middle of his little air; then,

after a few moments' rest, he would begin again, more sweetly than ever, and with so clear and brilliant a tone, that he was heard all over the house.

Rosetta, seated by the side of his cage, would often spend whole hours in listening to him. Sometimes, she would gaze upon him so attentively, that her work would fall out of her hands; and it was frequently thrown aside, that nothing might interrupt her looking at him. When he had delighted her with one of his little songs, she often entertained him, in her turn, with an air upon the bird-organ, which he presently strove to imitate.

By degrees, however, these pleasures became familiar to Rosetta, and lost their power of charming. Her father, one day, made her a present of a book of prints; and she was so much taken up with admiring them, that Darling was neglected. Still he fluttered his little wings, and chirped, the instant he saw Rosetta; but she no longer heard him.

Nearly a week now passed, and Darling had had neither fresh weeds, seeds, nor biscuit. He sung the prettiest little songs that Rosetta had taught him; he even composed new ones for her, himself; but all in vain: Rosetta had other things in her head. It now appeared, too clearly, that new objects began to attract Rosetta's attention.

Her birthday soon arrived, and her godfather presented her with a large jointed doll, which she called Columbine. This doll proved a sad rival

to Darling; for, from the time she rose, to the hour of going to bed, she had no thought and no employment, but to dress and undress, again and again, this dumb little Columbine; to talk to her, to call her by her name, and to carry her in her arms up and down the room. The poor bird was now happy, if, towards the evening, she remembered to give him a little food; for sometimes it happened, that he had to wait for it till the next day.

One day, however, when they were at table, Mr. Godfrey, accidentally turning his eyes towards the cage, saw Darling lying upon his breast, and panting with great difficulty. The poor bird's feathers appeared all rough, and he looked as round as a ball. Mr. Godfrey went up to the cage; but the poor bird was unable to chirp, or even flutter his wings, and had hardly strength even to breathe.

"Rosetta!" cried Mr. Godfrey, with much displeasure, "what is the matter with your bird?" Rosetta, coloring, stammered out, "Why, papa, it 's——the thing is——why, I happened to forget"——and, trembling and ashamed, she ran for the box of seeds.

Mr. Godfrey took down the cage, and found that poor Darling had not one drop of water, nor one single seed!

"O, poor little bird!" cried Mr. Godfrey; "into what cruel hands have you fallen!" If I had done as I ought, you would never have been brought here! All the company joined in pity for the poor little bird; and Rosetta, crying, ran

to her chamber, to give vent to her sorrow in a flood of tears.

Mr. Godfrey put some seed into both the drawers, and filled the glass with fresh water; and at length, though with much difficulty, Darling was brought back to life.

Mr. Godfrey, the next morning, gave orders that the bird should be carried out of the house, and given to the son of one of his neighbors, who had the character of being a very careful boy, and who, he hoped, would not forget him, as Rosetta had done.

But the poor little girl could not bear the idea of parting with her bird. "O, my dear little bird!" she cried; "my poor, sweet Darling!—O, papa! dear, dear papa! indeed, I will never forget him, again; indeed, indeed, I promise you I will not. Only let me have him this once! this one, single time, is all I ask!"

Mr. Godfrey, at length moved by her entreaties, restored to her the canary-bird; not, however, without a severe reproof for her past negligence, and a most earnest charge, that she would be more attentive for the future. "This poor little animal," said he, "is shut up in a cage, and has therefore no power to provide for its own wants. If *you* want any thing, you can at least ask for it; but this little bird can make nobody understand his language. If ever again you make him suffer, either from hunger or thirst, he is yours no longer."

At these words, a shower of tears relieved the

bursting heart of Rosetta, and covered her cheeks. She took her papa's hand, and kissed it, but her heart was too full to permit her to speak.

Rosetta was now once more the mistress of Darling; and Darling was easily and cordially reconciled to Rosetta.

About a month after this, Mr. Godfrey and his lady were obliged to make a journey of a few days into the country. "My dear Rosetta," said he, in taking leave, "be very sure you do not forget the little canary-bird."

"O no! papa!" cried she; and scarcely were they seated in the carraige, when she flew to the cage, and made it her first business to see that the bird should have every thing it could possibly require.

In an hour or two, however, she began to grow tired; she sent for some of her young friends to visit her, and her gayety returned. They all walked out together, and, when they came back, they spent the first part of the evening in playing blindman's buff, and other sports; and then, they diverted themselves with dancing. It was very late when the little party broke up, and Rosetta went to bed, quite wearied and fatigued.

The next morning, she awoke very early, and could think of nothing but her last night's amusements. If her governess would have given her leave, she would have flown, the very moment she was dressed, to return the visit of her young friends: but it was necessary to wait till the afternoon. Scarcely, however, had she patience

to finish her dinner, before she desired to be taken to them.

And what became of Darling? He was obliged to stay at home, alone, and to fast!

The next day, also, was spent in nothing but amusements.

And Darling?—He was forgotten, again!

The third day it was still the same, and again Darling was forgotten, for who could think of him in the midst of such diversions?

The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey returned from their journey; and her father had no sooner embraced her, and inquired after her health, than he said, "And how is Darling?"

"O, very well!" answered Rosetta, a little confused, and running to the cage for the bird.

Alas! the poor little animal was dead! he was lying upon his back, his wings were spread out, and his beak was open.

Rosetta wrung her hands, and screamed aloud. All the family ran to her, and saw what had happened.

"Poor little hapless animal!" cried Mr. Godfrey; "how painful has been thy death! Had I myself destroyed thee, on the day of my departure, thy sufferings would have been but for a moment; while now, for so many days, thou hast borne all the pangs of hunger and thirst, and thy death has been attended with the most cruel and lingering pains! Thou art happy, however, to be at length delivered from the hands of so pitiless a guardian!"

Rosetta wished to hide herself from the sight

of every one. She was so distressed, that she would willingly have given up all her playthings, and all her pocket-money, to have restored Darling to life: but it was now too late!

Mr. Godfrey took the bird, and gave orders to have it stuffed, and then hung it up from the ceiling, in memory of Rosetta's carelessness.

The poor girl did not dare look at it; and if, by any accident, her eyes glanced at it, they were instantly filled with tears: and she humbly and earnestly besought her father to have it removed from her sight.

Mr. Godfrey, after many entreaties, at length consented: but every time she was guilty of any fault or folly, the bird was again put in its place; and she heard the whole family exclaim, "Poor, unfortunate animal! how cruel a death didst thou suffer!"

Thus you see, my young friends, the sad consequences of inattention, giddiness, and too great a fondness for pleasure, which often make us forgetful of our duty. Strive, then, not to forget the smallest thing which should be attended to; for inattention in little things will surely lead to the neglect of greater duties.

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Leander. O PAPA! how I wish I was a great man, and as tall as you!

Mr. Downer. And why, my dear, should you wish that?

L. Because I need not mind any body in the world, and could do every thing that came into my head.

Mr. D. You would then, no doubt, perform wonders!

L. That indeed I would, I promise you!

Mr. D. And you, little Julia,—do you also sigh for the liberty of being your own mistress?

Julia. Yes, indeed I do, papa.

L. O! if Julia and I might be our own managers!

Mr. D. Well, my dears, your wishes, for once, shall be granted: from to-morrow morning, you shall have the full power of conducting yourselves according to your own fancies.

J. Ah! papa, you are only joking us!

Mr. D. No, I am in earnest: and neither your mamma, nor myself, nor, in short, any one in the house, shall make the least opposition to your inclinations.

L. O! thank you, dear papa! how nice it will be, to feel ourselves free from slavery!

Mr. D. Neither is this all: I do not give you

liberty merely for to-morrow; you shall keep it, till you come to me of your own accords, and beg me to take back my authority.

L. O! if that is the case, we shall be our own masters a long time!

Mr. D. I shall be very glad to see how you will govern yourselves. Prepare, therefore, to become great personages, to-morrow.

To-morrow arrived. The two children, instead of rising, as usual, at seven o'clock, kept in bed till after nine. Sleep, however, in too great a quantity, serves but to make us languid and heavy. Such was its effect upon Leander and Julia. They awoke, at last, without being called, and got up very much out of humor.

Their spirits, however, soon revived, by the delightful prospect before them, of doing whatever they pleased, for the whole day.

"Come, what shall we begin with?" cried Leander to his sister, as soon as they were dressed, and had breakfasted.

J. Why, we will go and play.

L. At what?

J. At building houses with cards.

L. O! that is very stupid, indeed! I will not do that.

J. Will you play at blindman's buff?

L. What! only us two?

J. Well, then, at backgammon, or checkers?

L. You know very well that I cannot bear those lazy sorts of games, that make one sit so still.

J. Very well; tell me what you shall like yourself.

L. Why, we will play at riding on a broomstick.

J. Yes, that is a very pretty game, indeed, for a young lady!

L. We will play, if you will, then, at driving. You shall be the horse, and I will be the coachman.

J. O! to be sure, to be beat with your whip, as I was the other day! I have not forgotten that, so soon.

L. Why, I was very sorry to do it; but then, you never will gallop.

J. But it hurts me very much; so I will not play at it any more.

L. You will not, eh? Well, let us play, then, at hunting. I will be the huntsman, and you shall be the hare. Take care of yourself, there!—Come, run!

J. No, no; no more of your hunting. You only keep treading on my heels, and running your hands into my sides.

L. Well, then, if you will not play at any of my games, I will never play with you again; do you hear that, madam?

J. Neither will I with you; do you hear that, sir?

At these words, they left the middle of the room, where they were standing; and each went into a corner, where they continued some time,

without looking at each other, or speaking a word.

They were still sullen and pouting, when the clock struck ten. They had now lost a whole hour in quarrelling, and the forenoon was rapidly passing away. Leander at length, approaching his sister, said, "Come, then, if you will, I will play with you at checkers, for a dozen chestnuts a game."

J. But I have no chestnuts. You know very well that you owe me a dozen, now; and you ought to pay me those first.

L. I owed them to you, yesterday; but I owe nothing at all to any one, to-day.

J. And pray how have you cleared yourself?

L. Why, who has a right to ask any thing of people that are their own masters?

J. O, very well! but I shall tell papa how you have cheated me.

L. But I am not in papa's power now.

J. If this is the way you treat me, then I shall not play at all.

L. You are very welcome to let it alone.

Again they were sullen and silent, and again they retreated to different ends of the room. Leander began to whistle; Julia to hum a song: Leander tied knots in his whip, and lashed the floor and wainscot with it; Julia dressed her doll, and began a conversation with it: Leander muttered between his teeth; Julia sighed and fretted.

The clock now struck eleven, and a second

hour had been lost in quarrelling. Leander, in a pet, flung his whip out of the window; Julia threw her doll into a corner. They looked at each other, but neither of them knew what to say.

Julia at last broke the silence :—"Come, then, Leander, I will be your horse."

L. Will you? then you are a good girl. I have a thick string here, that will do for a bridle. Put it in your mouth.

J. No, I will not put it in my mouth. You may fasten it round my waist, or tie it to my arm.

L. How you talk! Did you ever see horses with their bits any where but between their teeth?

J. But I am not a real horse, sir!

L. But you must do the same as if you were, madam.

J. Indeed, I see no reason for that.

L. I suppose you think you know more of the matter than I do, who am all day long in the stable? Come, I say, take it as you ought.

J. You have been drawing it about in the dirt, all the week, and I am resolved I will not put it in my mouth.

L. And I will not have it put any where else. I would rather not play at all.

J. Just as you please.

A third time they separated, and with more peevishness and anger than ever. Leander went out and brought back his whip; Julia again took her doll; but the whip no longer sounded to his mind, and every thing went wrong about the doll's dressing. Leander sighed; Julia wept.

At length, the dinner-bell rang, and Mr. Downer himself made inquiries if they were ready to come to the table. "But what," cried he, seeing them both so sad, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all, papa," answered the children; and, drying their eyes, they followed their father into the dining-room.

They had a variety of dishes upon the table, this day, and a bottle of wine for each was upon the sideboard.

"My dear children," said Mr. Downer, "had I still any authority over you, I should forbid your tasting all these dishes, and still more, your drinking any wine: or, at least, I should help you to very little, from my knowledge of the danger of wine and spices to children. But, as you are now your own masters, you can eat and drink according to your discretion.

The children waited not to be told this twice: one swallowed great mouthfuls of meat, without vegetables or bread; the other took the gravy and sauce in large spoonfuls; and both of them poured out full bumpers of wine, without even thinking of mixing it with water.

"My dear," said Mrs. Downer, in a whisper to her husband, "they will make themselves quite ill."

"I presume they will," replied Mr. Downer; "yet I would rather they should learn, even at their own expense, for once, the mischief of ignorance, than, by too much attention to their health, deprive them of so important a lesson."

Mrs. Downer, seeing the design of her husband, would not interfere, but left the little simpletons to the enjoyment of their gluttony.

They now rose from table; the children having eaten till they were unable to swallow a morsel more, and drank till their little heads began already to swim.

"Come along, Julia," cried Leander; and he led his sister into the garden.

Mr. Downer thought it prudent to follow them, without their knowledge.

There was a small piece of water in the garden, and close to its border a little boat. Leander wished to get into it.

Julia stopped him: "You know very well," cried she, "that we are forbidden going there." "Forbidden!" replied he; "have you forgotten that we are to do just what we like?"

"O, very true!" said Julia; and, giving her hand to her brother, they both jumped into the boat.

Mr. Downer now approached nearer, but did not yet think proper to discover himself. He knew the water was not very deep, and that, if they fell into it, he should not have much trouble in drawing them out again.

The children endeavored to loosen the boat from the bank, and push it into the middle of the pond; but they could not contrive to untie the knots of the cord with which it was fastened.

"Well, if we cannot sail," cried the giddy Leander, "we can at least play at balancing."

They then jumped backwards and forwards across the boat, now making it lean on one side, now on the other.

Their heads being a little confused, it was not long before their legs failed them. Each caught hold of the other, for support, but they both fell instantly upon the edge of the boat, and then plump into the water.

Mr. Downer sprung from the place where he had been concealed, and was soon in the water, when he seized in each hand one of his daring little children, and carried them, half dead with terror, into the house.

They were now very sick, but were immediately undressed, and rubbed with flannel. They were then both put into warm beds, where they lay in a state of extreme weakness and convulsions. They had a dreadful headache, and a pain in the stomach, which they could hardly endure. They fainted, several times; and every fainting fit was followed by shudderings, sickness, and much difficulty of breathing.

In this deplorable condition, they passed the rest of the day. They shed tears, in abundance; they sobbed aloud; till at length, fatigued with sorrow and suffering, they cried themselves to sleep.

Early the next morning, their father came into the chamber, and desired to know how they had passed the night.

"O, very ill, papa," cried they, both at once, and in a very feeble voice; "we could hardly

sleep at all, and we have the headache and the stomach-ache still."

"Poor little things!" said their father; "how sorry I am for you! But what," added he, a moment after, "do you propose doing with your liberty, to-day? You have it still, you know, in your own possession."

"O no, no!" cried they with eagerness, and both in a breath.

"Why, how now?" said he; "did you not tell me, the other day, how sad it was to obey the directions of other people?"

"Yes, papa," answered Leander; "but we have been well punished for that foolishness."

"O yes," added Julia; "and indeed we shall not soon forget it!"

Mr. D. You would no longer, then, be your own masters?

L. No, indeed, papa; we had much rather you should tell us what to do.

J. I am sure that will be a great deal better for us.

Mr. D. Think well of what you are saying; for, if I again resume my authority, I give you warning, that my very first orders you will find very disagreeable.

L. Never mind, papa; we are quite ready to do whatever you think proper.

Mr. D. Very well, then; here is a yellow powder, called rhubarb. Its taste is bad, but its quality is excellent for those whose stomachs have been put out of order, by any excess. Since you

consent to follow my directions, I desire you to take this powder immediately. Let me see how readily you will obey!

L. I will, I will, papa!

J. And I too, papa, if it is as bitter as gall.

Mr. Downer prepared the medicine, and gave it them. The children, without drawing back, or making wry faces, as they had formerly done, only tried which should take it with the best grace. The remedy had the intended effect, and they were soon restored to their usual health.

From this time, whenever they needed any punishment for their faults, it was only necessary to say, "Remember, we shall let you be your own masters!" a menace, of which they had a greater dread, than other children would have felt, in hearing said to them, "We shall put you in prison!"

THE THORN-BUSHES, THE SHEEP, AND THE BIRDS.

One very fine evening in the month of May, Mr. Dalton seated himself with his son Arthur, upon the side of a little hill; whence he taught him to view and admire the beauties of the prospect before him, which the setting sun, while sinking in the west, seemed to clothe in a robe of purple. Their attention was called off, however, from this pleasing study, by the cheerful singing

of a shepherd, who was driving home his bleating flock from the neighboring fields.

At each side of the road, through which he passed, there were bushes, full of thorns, upon which every sheep that approached them left some part of its fleece.

Little Arthur, young and eager, was quickly in a passion with these robbers. "See! see! papa," cried he, "only see how the poor sheep are deprived of their wool by those bushes! You have often told me that God makes nothing in vain; but those wicked brambles seem made only for mischief. Why did God make them? and why does not every body, with one accord, go and root them all up? If the poor sheep should come often by the same way, they would leave all the rest of their clothing with them. But no! that shall not be the case, for I will get up to-morrow morning, by break of day, and come with my little hatchet, and I will soon cut down every one of the thorn-bushes: and if you will come with me, too, papa, and bring your great wood-knife, the business will all be done before breakfast."

"We will think of your scheme, and take a little time to consider it," replied Mr. Dalton; "but, in the mean time, be not so unjust to those thorns: recollect what happens in sheep-shearing time."

Arthur. What is that, papa?

Mr. Dalton. Did you never see the shepherds, with their great shears in their hands, strip the

poor trembling sheep, not merely of light tufts of wool, but of their whole fleece?

A. Very true, papa; but then they wanted it for their clothes: whereas these thorns tear it off from mere ill-nature, and without wanting it at all.

Mr. D. You know not what purpose this may answer; but even supposing it to be of no use, is the want of a thing sufficient reason for seizing it?

A. I have heard you say, papa, that the sheep naturally lose their fleece about this time of the year: therefore, it is much better to cut it off for our own good, than to let it fall off, and be wasted, or suffer the thorns to pull it off for nothing at all.

Mr. D. Your observation is just. All beasts have a dress from Nature, and from them we are obliged to borrow our own: for if we did not, we should be forced to go naked, and exposed to all the inclemency of the weather.

A. But the thorns have no need of any dress at all; therefore, there can be no reason to spare them. To-morrow, I will absolutely cut down every briar. You will come with me, papa, will you not?

Mr. D. Certainly. To-morrow, therefore, we will meet at the very break of day.

Arthur, who thought himself already a hero, from the mere idea of destroying, with his own little hand, this legion of robbers, could with difficulty sleep all night, so full was his mind of his victories for the next morning: and scarcely had the gay chirping of the birds, perched upon the

trees near his windows, proclaimed the return of Aurora,* before he hastened to awake his father. Mr. Dalton, though indifferent concerning the destruction of the thorns, yet pleased with an opportunity of showing to his son the opening beauties of the rising morn, was not less eager to quit his bed. They dressed themselves with speed, took up their arms, and set out upon their expedition. Arthur, with an air of triumph, went first, and Mr. Dalton was hardly able to keep pace with him.

In approaching the thorns, they saw that they were almost covered with little birds, hopping to and fro, and fluttering upon the branches. "Softly, softly!" cried Mr. Dalton to his son; "let us defer, for a moment, our vengeance, lest we should disturb these pretty innocent creatures. We will go again to that part of the hill where we were seated last night, and try to find out what it is that these little birds are seeking in the bushes, with so busy an air." They ascended the hill, sat down, and looked on. They then perceived, that the birds carried away, in their bills, those very tufts of wool, which the thorns had caught from the sheep the preceding evening; and that robins, blackbirds, linnets, and many of the other inhabitants of the grove, came, in large numbers, to enrich themselves with the spoil.

"What does this mean?" cried Arthur, much astonished.

"It means," replied his father, "that Provi-

* Aurora was the fabled goddess of the morning; and the name is often used, poetically, to signify the morning itself

dence takes care of the smallest creatures, and furnishes them with all sorts of methods for their happiness and preservation. You see here how the poor birds find tapestry for the habitations they build for their little ones ; and how soft and warm a bed they prepare for their young family. Thus those honest thorn bushes, with which but yesterday you were so easily provoked, unite the inhabitants of the air with those of the earth : they take from the rich what is more than they can use, to give to the poor what they absolutely need. Will you come, then, now, and destroy them ?"

" O no, no !" exclaimed Arthur.

" You are right, my child," answered Mr. Dalton ; " let them flourish in peace, since they make so generous a use of their conquests."

After enjoying the sweets of the morning, Mr. Dalton and his son returned home to breakfast ; and Arthur long remembered the useful lesson which had now been deeply impressed upon his memory.

My young friends may from this little narrative be convinced of the impropriety of too hastily cherishing prejudices against any person or things, since, however forbidding or useless they may at first sight appear, a more familiar acquaintance with them may discover those accomplishments or perfections, which prejudice at first obscured from their observation.

CRAZY JOSEPH AND THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

THERE was once a certain crazy man, whose name was Joseph, who seldom went out without putting four or five wigs, one piled above another, upon his head, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. But, though his senses were disordered, he was not mischievous, nor ever, unless much teased and provoked, in a passion. Yet he could not walk in the streets, without being surrounded by a number of idle and mischievous little boys, who tormented and followed him, calling out, "Here, Joseph! Joseph! How do you sell your wigs? what will you take for your muffs?" Some of them were even wicked enough to throw dirt and stones at him.

Poor Joseph commonly bore these insults with great forbearance; though sometimes, when pestered and vexed beyond measure, he would fall into a rage, and throw among the unfeeling rabble that followed him, pebbles, or handfuls of mud, or any thing that came in his way.

It happened, one day, that a disturbance of this nature was made near the house of Mr. Dennis, who, hearing the noise in the street, went to the window, where, with sorrow, he saw that his own son Henry was in the midst of the crowd. The moment he observed it, displeased at the sight, he

shut down the sash, and retired into another apartment.

When they were at dinner, Mr. Dennis said to his son: "Who was that man you were running after, and calling to, and shouting at, so loud?"

Henry. You know him very well, papa; it was the crazy man whom they call Joseph.

Mr. Dennis. Poor creature! What can have brought this misfortune upon him?

H. They say it was the loss of a lawsuit, which deprived him of a large estate. He was so grieved at losing it, that it made him lose his senses, also.

Mr. D. Had you known him, Henry, at the time when he was deprived of this estate; and had he, with tears in his eyes, said to you, "Ah, my dear Henry, how unfortunate I am! I have lost an estate upon which I have long lived, in peace and happiness; and all that I had besides, has been expended in supporting the lawsuit. I have now neither a house in town, nor a house in the country; every thing I was worth is taken from me, and I have nothing left!"—would you then have laughed at, and made game of, the poor man?

H. O no, papa! who could be so wicked as to make game of such an unfortunate man? I should rather have tried to comfort him.

Mr. D. Do you think him, then, happier to-day, when he has also lost his reason?

H. No, papa: I think he is much more to be pitied.

Mr. D. And yet you have to-day insulted, and

even thrown stones at a poor, unfortunate man, whom, when he was much less to be pitied, you would have tried to comfort!

H. O papa! I have done very wrong. But pray forgive me, for indeed I will never do so again.

Mr. D. If you are sorry for your fault, I can readily forgive you; but my forgiveness is not enough: there is another, of whom you must also ask pardon.

H. Do you mean Joseph, papa?

Mr. D. Why Joseph?

H. Because I have offended him.

Mr. D. If Joseph had still retained his senses, you should certainly ask his pardon for what you have done: but as he is not in a condition to understand you, it would be useless to apply to him. You think, nevertheless, that it is right to ask forgiveness of those whom we have offended?

H. You always taught me so, papa.

Mr. D. And do you not know who it is that has commanded us to pity the unhappy?

H. Yes, papa: God has commanded us to do so.

Mr. D. Yet you have shown no pity for poor Joseph; on the contrary, you have added to his misfortunes, by insulting him. Do you suppose that such conduct has not offended God?

H. No, papa: I know it has, now you bid me think of it; but I will ask pardon of Him to-night, in my prayers.

Henry was faithful to his promise; he repented

of his fault, and at night he begged pardon of God, with a true and penitent heart; and for some weeks after, he not only abstained from troubling poor Joseph, himself, but frequently prevented his companions from vexing him.

The good resolutions of young people, however, are not always to be depended upon; and, notwithstanding all the promises he had made, he one day forgot them all, and mixed again in the crowd of idle boys, who were following and hooting, and playing many tricks upon the unfortunate Joseph. It was merely, indeed, from curiosity, and only to see what tricks they would play the poor man; yet, from time to time, he shouted out with the rest, "Joseph! Joseph!" and, by degrees, found himself foremost in the mob, and became as bad as any of them. At length, Joseph, worried with the noise and hallooing of these wicked boys, suddenly turned round, and snatching up a large stone, threw it at him with such fury, that it cut his cheek, and made his nose gush out with blood.

Poor Henry returned home covered with blood, and crying aloud. "This is a just punishment from God, for your disobedience," said his father. Henry attempted to justify himself, by saying, that he was not the only one who was guilty, and therefore ought not to have been the only one who was punished. "Why," cried he, "why am I the only one to come so ill off, when all the rest, though they did a thousand times worse than I, have not been punished at all?" "The reason,"

answered his father, "is, that you knew much better than the others the fault you were committing, and therefore you were the most criminal. A child who is well instructed in the commands of God, as well as in those of his father, merits to be doubly chastised, whenever he shows such a disregard to his duty, as to violate them."

Remember this, my young friends; and, instead of adding to the afflictions of others, do whatever you can to alleviate them. You may then hope that others will have compassion upon you, whenever your wants and distresses shall require assistance; and that God will look down upon you with approbation.

ARABELLA AND LUCY.

THE sun was just peeping above the eastern edge of the horizon, to enliven with his golden rays, one of the most beautiful mornings of Spring, when young Arabella went down to her father's garden, to enjoy with greater pleasure, as she rambled up and down its enchanting walks, the sweetness of a cake, of which she intended to make her breakfast.

Every thing which could add to the beauties of these earliest hours of the day seemed now united, to delight her. Her heart swelled with gladness, on surveying the beauties of the rising sun, in listening to the enlivening notes of the birds, and breathing the pleasing fragrance, which

the surrounding shrubs afforded. The purity and freshness of the air, while it diffused a calm around, refreshed every sense. Her taste was gratified by the delicacy of her repast; her eye, by the soft lustre of the fresh-springing verdure; her smell, by the balmy perfume of a thousand flowers; and, that her ear might not be without its share of gratification, two little warblers perched themselves upon the summit of an arbor just by, as if purposely to rejoice her with their morning melodies.

Arabella was so transported with all these delicious sensations, and with the loveliness of the scene around her, that tears of pleasure filled her eyes, though they escaped not down her cheeks. Her heart, beating with the softest emotions, was filled with tenderness and benevolence; and her grateful feelings to the Being who had thus favored her, were poured forth in a beautiful hymn, which she had early learned.

Her pleasing thoughtfulness was interrupted by the sound of the steps of a little girl, who was coming into the same path, and devouring, with a keen appetite, a slice of coarse brown bread.

As she, also, was walking in the garden merely to amuse herself, her eyes wandered from one object to another, without noticing any particular object, so that she advanced close to Arabella, without perceiving her. The moment she saw her, she stopped short, seemed confused, and cast her eyes to the ground; then, like a terrified young deer, she hastily turned back, and,

with great swiftness, ran off, the same way she came.

"Stop, stop," cried Arabella, "stay for me, little girl, stay for me! Why do you run so?" But these words only made the little stranger run faster.

Arabella followed her; but, not being accustomed to such exercise, found it impossible to overtake her. The little girl, however, had run into a winding path, in order to get out of the garden; and that, in which Arabella was, led directly to the garden-gate. Arabella, who was no less sensible than pretty, crept, therefore, softly along the side of a thick hedge, which bordered the walk; and arrived at the last bush, at the very instant the little girl was obliged to pass it in her way out.

Arabella caught her by the arms, calling out, "Ah ha! now you are my prisoner! I have you safe! you cannot run away from me!"

The little girl was now more frightened than before, and struggled to get away. "Don't be naughty," cried Arabella; "if you knew the good I mean to do you, you would not be so frightened. Come, my good girl, come with me for a little while."

These friendly words, and still more the sweet voice in which they were spoken, allayed the fears of the little girl, and she followed Arabella into a summerhouse.

"Is your father alive?" said Arabella, making her seat herself next to her.

Little Girl. Yes, Miss.

A. And what does he do ?

Little Girl. Any thing he can, to get his living. He has come, to-day, to work in your garden, and he brought me with him.

A. O ! I see him down there, in the kitchen-gardon. It is that fat man. But what are you eating for your breakfast ? Let me taste a piece of your bread. O dear ! how it hurts my throat ! Why does not your father give you better bread than this ?

Little Girl. Because he cannot afford to let us have nice things.

A. But he gets some money by his work; and I think he might at least give you a little white bread, or else something along with this, to make it palatable.

Little Girl. Yes, if I was his only child ; but there are five of us, and we all have good appetites. Besides, one wants a coat, and another a jacket, and another a gown : and all that makes my father sometimes at a loss what to do. He says, sometimes, " I may work and work, all day long ; but I shall never get enough to feed and clothe all these young ones."

A. You never eat any plum-cake, then, I suppose ?

Little Girl. Plum-cake ! What is that ?

A. Look ! such as I have in my hand.

Little Girl. I never saw any in my life.

A. Taste it. Don't be afraid ; you see how I eat it.

Little Girl, (*with great delight.*) O dear Miss! how nice and sweet!

A. I thought so! Pray, what is your name, little girl?

Little Girl. Lucy, Miss.

A. Very well, my good Lucy, wait here a minute or two, and I will go, and ask for something for you of my governess. I shall come back immediately. Now pray, don't run away, in the mean time.

L. O, no! Miss, I am not afraid, now.

Arabella ran to her governess, and entreated that she would give her some sweetmeats and cakes, for a poor little girl, who had nothing but dry bread for her breakfast. The governess was highly pleased with the benevolence of her amiable pupil: she gave her some cakes, and sweetmeats, and a newly-baked roll; and Arabella, with all the speed in her power, ran back to carry them to Lucy, for her breakfast.

"Well," cried she, when she came up to her, "did I tire your patience with waiting? Here! see what I have brought you! Come, take some; never mind your stale bread; you can eat enough of that, at any time."

L. (*eating some of the cake.*) They are very nice; just like sugar! I never tasted any thing so nice, before.

A. I am very glad you like them; I was sure they would please you.

L. What! do you eat such nice things, every day? Ah! we have nothing of that sort!

A. I am sorry for that. However, come and see me, every now and then, and I will give you some. But what a healthy look you have! Are you never sick?

L. Sick! what, I? No, never.

A. Do you never have a cough, nor a cold in your head?

L. A cold in my head! What sort of illness is that?

A. Why, it makes you want to be sneezing, and blowing your nose, and coughing, all day long.

L. O! yes! that happens to me, sometimes; but I do not call that sickness.

A. And then do not they bid you lie in bed?

L. In bed? Ha! ha! My mother would make a sad noise, if I took it into my head to be so lazy as that!

A. Why, what work can you do? such a little thing as you.

L. Why, in the Winter, I can find thistles for the ass, straw for the cow, and dry wood to boil the pot; in Summer, I have enough to do with weeding the corn; and in the Autumn, with gleaning or culling hops, or gathering grapes, and apples, and pears, and plums, for some of the neighbors. Miss, we are never in want for work to do.

A. And are all your sisters as healthy as you are?

L. O, yes! they are all hearty, and as brisk as little mice.

A. Well, I am very glad to hear that. I was afraid, at first, that God had not taken good care of you; but as you are all so strong and hearty, I see he has not forgotten you. I am very well, too, myself, though, to be sure, not so stout as you are. But how is it that you are barefooted? Why do you not wear shoes and stockings?

L. Because it would cost my father too much money to give them to all of us; and so he gives them to none.

A. And are you not afraid of hurting yourself?

L. O! I never think of that. God has given me very good soles to my feet; they are as hard as any of your shoes.

A. I should not like to change with you, though. But why do you not eat some more?

L. We have spent so much time in talking, that I must now go and get the herbs, and other things, and cannot stay here any longer. It is almost eight o'clock, and our cow will be wanting her breakfast.

A. Well, then, you shall take the rest of your cakes and roll with you: but stop a moment, and I will take out the crum, and put the sweetmeats into the hollow.

L. I shall carry it to my little sister. I warrant she will not make faces at this! She will not leave a morsel, when once she has tasted it.

A. I shall love you the better, now, for thinking of your little sister.

L. O! I never have any thing nice, without giving her some. Good-b'ye, Miss.

A. Good-b'ye, Lucy. Do not forget to come here again, to-morrow, at the same time.

L. O ! I shall be sure to come, if my mother does not send me somewhere else.

Arabella had now enjoyed the happiness of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, thinking of the pleasure which she had given to Lucy, and the gratitude which Lucy had shown her in return ; and also of the delight her little sister would enjoy in eating the sweetmeats and cakes, such as she had never seen before.

" But what will be her joy," said she to herself, " when I give her some ribands, and a necklace ? I am quite tired, myself, of those mamma gave me the other day, though they are so pretty. I will also look in my drawers, and see what else I can spare her. We are just of a size, and my clothes will fit her, charmingly. O ! how I long to dress her, and see how she will look !"

The next morning, Lucy again came into the garden ; and Arabella was ready to receive her, with more cakes and sweetmeats. These meetings continued for some time. Lucy failed not to come, every morning : and Arabella thought of nothing but of new dainties to gratify her. In addition to the various articles which she gave her, from her own stores, she expended, with her mamma's leave, her pocket-money, in procuring other things to please her new acquaintance, and frequently, when her pocket-money was insufficient to buy what she wanted, she begged her mamma to give her some sweetmeats and pre-

serves from the family stores ; to which her mamma consented with pleasure.

One day, however, Arabella had the mortification to receive a refusal. She asked her mamma to advance her a part of her weekly allowance, to buy shoes and stockings for Lucy, that she might not go barefooted any more.

"No, I cannot, my dear Arabella," answered her mother.

"And why not, mamma ?"

"I will tell you, at table, by and by," she replied, "the reason that makes me wish you to be a little less extravagant for your favorite."

Arabella was much surprised at this denial ; and never, before, so eagerly waited for dinner-time. At length it arrived, and the family seated themselves at table.

The dinner, however, was almost over, before a word was said, which led to the subject of Lucy's shoes and stockings. At length, however, a plate of shrimps was placed upon the table, and Mrs. Allison (for that was her mamma's name) began the following conversation.

Mrs. Allison. O ! here is my Arabella's favorite dish ; is it not ? I am very glad we have it, to-day.

Arabella. Yes, mamma, I love shrimps very much, and at this part of the season they are best.

Mrs. A. And Lucy, I dare say, would like them still better than you do.

A. O ! poor little Lucy ! I dare say she never saw any in her life. If I was only to show her

these long whiskers, she would be frightened. O! how frightened she would be! I think I see her now, running away with all her speed. Mamma, if you would give me leave, I should like very much to see what faces she would make at them. Two will be enough for her, even if they are the two smallest in the dish.

Mrs. A. This is a request, my dear, that I know not how to grant.

A. And why? mamma; why not? You, that always do so many good things, for every body? And when I asked you for some money, this morning, to buy shoes and stockings for Lucy, you refused it to me: so I suppose poor Lucy has offended you. Has she taken any fruit, or any thing out of the garden, mamma? O! I will scold her well for it, if she has.

Mrs. A. No, my dear Arabella, Lucy has not offended me at all: but do you mean, by your kindness to her, to make her happy or miserable?

A. Happy! mamma; I would not, for the world, make her miserable!

Mrs. A. I, too, my love, heartily wish her better fortune, since you think she merits your regard. But is it really true, Arabella, that she has nothing but dry bread for her breakfast?

A. Very true, indeed, mamma; I am sure I would not deceive you.

Mrs. A. Indeed! and has that satisfied her till now?

A. O dear! yes, mamma: and I do not eat a tart with more pleasure, than she eats her dry brown bread.

Mrs. A. It seems, then, she has a very good appetite. But I do not know how to suppose she always goes barefooted.

A. Indeed, she has always been barefooted, whenever I have seen her ; only ask the gardener, and he will tell you so, too.

Mrs. A. I dare say, then, her feet are all covered with blood, when she has been walking upon gravel, or stones.

A. Not at all. She runs about the garden, like a fawn ; and she laughs, and says that God himself has given her a pair of hard soles for the bottom of her feet.

Mrs. A. I know, very well, that my Arabella is no story teller ; but yet, I must own I have some difficulty in believing all this. O ! what wry faces would *you* make, if we were to give you dry brown bread, without any butter, or sweetmeats !

A. O ! indeed, mamma, I know very well it would stop in my throat.

Mrs. A. And I should like, also, to see how you would manage, if you were to go barefoot.

A. Why, mamma, now do not be angry, but yesterday I had a mind to try. When I was alone, in the garden, I took off my shoes and stockings, on purpose to walk about, like Lucy : but I found my feet sadly cut. However, I resolved to trot on : till at last, I struck against a sharp stone. O ! it hurt me very much, and I walked back, as softly as possible. I never wish to go barefoot any more. And yet poor little Lucy walks so, mamma, all Summer long ?

Mrs. A. But what is the reason, that you cannot eat dry bread, and go barefoot, as well as she ?

A. I suppose, mamma, it is because I am not used to it.

Mrs. A. But if you should accustom her to the same delicacies that you love, and to wear shoes and stockings, and then the dry bread should be distasteful to her, and walking barefoot should hurt her, do you think you would have done her any kindness ?

A. No, mamma ; but I want to serve her in such a manner, that she shall never be obliged to do so again, while she lives.

Mrs. A. That is a very generous wish ; but can you save enough of your pocket-money to answer such a purpose ?

A. Yes, very well, mamma, if you will only help me a little.

Mrs. A. You know, very well, that I never refuse to assist the poor or distressed, when a proper occasion offers : but is Lucy the only little girl that wants help, with whom we are acquainted ?

A. O, no ! mamma. I know a great many others, besides ; and especially two that live here by the village, that have neither father nor mother.

Mrs. A. Doubtless, then, they are in want of many things.

A. Yes, indeed, mamma, they are.

Mrs. A. But if you give every thing to Lucy,

and feed her with cakes and sweetmeats, while you permit the others to starve with hunger; do you think you are acting either with justice or humanity?

A. But I can give them something, too, from time to time, mamma; only I love Lucy better than any of them.

Mrs. A. And suppose you should die, after using Lucy to all these luxuries.

A. I am sure, if I did, mamma, she would cry, and lament my death.

Mrs. A. Yes; I can easily believe that. But she must then again sink into indigence, or else, perhaps, commit bad actions, in order still to eat what she liked, and dress herself as you had dressed her. Who, then, would be guilty of her ruin?

A. (*with sadness.*) I should, mamma! So then, I suppose, I must give her nothing more?

Mrs. A. That is by no means my opinion. I think, however, that you will do well to buy her fewer nice things to eat, and rather bestow your money, in purchasing her plain and tidy clothes, and your time in teaching her to read, and giving her such other useful knowledge, as you are daily receiving from your teachers, and which may be valuable to her.

A. I was thinking of that, mamma, myself. Suppose I give her one of my own gowns?

Mrs. A. I think your rose-colored satin, or your muslin slip, will suit her admirably, especially when she runs about barefoot!

A. O, no ! every body would point at her with their fingers ! What can I do, mamma ?

Mrs. A. If I were in your place, I should be very saving, for some time, till I had a sufficient sum of money to buy for her whatever I found she most wanted. The articles which are purchased for clothes, by the poor, are not very expensive.

Arabella followed her mother's advice. She called Lucy but seldom, indeed, to partake of her breakfast ; but she frequently made her other, and far more useful, presents. Sometimes, she gave her an apron, sometimes, a petticoat, and sometimes, a cap ; and she paid for her schooling, that she might be properly taught to read.

Lucy was so sensible of these kindnesses, that she became every day more tenderly attached to Arabella. She would frequently run after her, and say, " Have you any thing that I can do for you, Miss Arabella ? Can I go of any errand ?" And, whenever Arabella found her some employment, it was pleasing to see the joy with which Lucy hastened to oblige her.

One day, when she went to the garden-gate, to wait for Arabella's coming, after staying far beyond the usual time, Arabella appeared not, and Lucy was forced to go home ; but she soon returned, to watch again. She saw nothing of Arabella ; and, on the two following days, she continued to come at the accustomed hours ; but still no Arabella was ready to receive her.

Poor Lucy was now in the utmost distress,

that her benefactress seemed thus to have forsaken her.

"Ah!" cried she, "and can it be that she does not love me any longer? Perhaps I have made her angry, without knowing it. I am sure, if I could tell what it was, I would beg her pardon, again and again; for I shall die, now, if she will not love me always!"

At this moment, Mrs. Allison's maid happened to come out of the garden. Lucy ran after her. "Pray tell me," cried she, "where is Miss Arabella."

"Miss Arabella!" said the maid, "she is very ill; she has not, perhaps, many hours to live. She has the smallpox."

"O!" exclaimed Lucy, "she must not die! I cannot let her die!"

She then flew into the house, and ran up stairs into Mrs. Allison's room. "O, good lady!" she cried, "for pity's sake tell me where is Miss Arabella, and let me go to her!"

Mrs. Allison would have stopped her; but she had seen through the door, which was half open, Arabella's bed: and she was already at its side.

Poor Arabella was in the restless pain of a violent fever. She was alone, and very melancholy; for all her young friends and acquaintances had been kept from her.

Lucy, crying bitterly, caught hold of her hand, pressed it between her own, kissed it a hundred times, and said: "Ah! my dear Miss, in what a condition do I see you! O! do not die, I beg

you! What must I do, if I should lose you? I will stay with you, both day and night; I will watch over you, and wait upon you,—May I, Miss Arabella? will you let me?"

Arabella pressed her hand, and easily made her understand, that she consented, with pleasure, to her offer.

Lucy, now, with the permission of Mrs. Allison, became the constant attendant of Arabella; and whatever she was suffered to do for her, she was careful should be done as well as possible. They made up a small bed for her upon the floor, by the side of the little invalid; and she hardly quitted her, even for an instant. When Arabella showed the slightest uneasiness, Lucy jumped up to inquire what was wanted, and gave her, with her own hands, all her medicines.

Sometimes, she gathered rushes, in order to amuse her, by showing her how to make pretty baskets; at other times, she hunted over Mrs. Allison's library, to find prints for her to look at. Her mind was always employed, in thinking of something to entertain her, and make her forget her sufferings.

During one week of the time, Arabella was deprived of her eye-sight, by her disorder; and that week seemed very long, indeed: yet Lucy assisted her to bear it, by diverting her with a history of what happened in the village; and, as she had improved very much by her lessons of reading, she selected for her such books as she thought she would like to hear read; and fre-

quently, in a very tender manner, she would endeavor to give her comfort.

"Only have a little patience," she would say, "and God will take pity on you, as you used to take pity on me." At this remembrance, she would weep; but, quickly drying her eyes, would then say, more cheerfully, "Come, Miss Arabella, shall I sing you a pretty song, to divert you?" Arabella had but to give a nod, and Lucy immediately sung to her such little songs as she had learnt. And thus the time passed away, and Arabella was hardly ever uneasy.

At length, though by slow degrees, her health was perfectly reestablished. Her eyes again opened, her strength returned, and her appetite was restored.

Her face, however, was still marked with her late disorder. But Lucy only looked at her with the greatest pleasure, when she thought how near she had been to losing her. Neither could Arabella, in return, ever see Lucy, without gratitude for her tender attachment.

"How can I pay you, as I wish to do," she sometimes said, "for all that you have done for me?" She applied to her mamma, to know in what manner she could possibly reward her constant and faithful little nurse. Mrs. Allison, who was almost beside herself with the excess of joy, at seeing her beloved daughter restored to life, after so dangerous an illness, answered, "Leave that to me; I will take care that she shall be properly recompensed, for what we both owe to her diligence and fondness."

She then gave orders to have a complete dress made for Lucy, including one article of every sort that she could wear. Arabella desired permission to equip her in it, herself, the first day that she should be thought well enough to go again into the garden. This day was one of rejoicing to the whole house. Not only Mrs. Allison, but all the domestics, were transported with joy, to see Arabella again down stairs; while Arabella was equally delighted, from the pleasure of having so useful a present for her good nurse. Lucy herself was enraptured, to meet her little benefactress again, where she had first known her, and to be dressed in new things, from head to foot, by her own hands.

It is much easier to conceive than to describe the emotions of these two tender-hearted, affectionate little girls, on this occasion; they embraced each other, and promised an inseparable friendship.

My young readers will learn, from this little narrative, how advantageous it is, to be generous and humane, and how important it is, that kindnesses should be judiciously bestowed. By Arabella's kindness to Lucy, she attached her to her interest; and to the kind attentions and unremitting assiduities of Lucy, under the Divine blessing, she was undoubtedly indebted for her restoration to health.

LITTLE JEMMY.

As Mr. Courtney, in returning home from a morning ride, passed along the walls of a churchyard in a little village, his ears were struck with the sound of a most piteous cry, which seemed to proceed from it. As this humane gentleman had a heart ever open to the distresses of others, he did not hesitate, in hastening to the assistance of the unhappy person whom he heard in such distress. He alighted from his horse, which he gave to the care of the servant who attended him, and then jumped over the wall into the churchyard. He looked around him, in every direction, for some time, to no purpose; but at length, he perceived, at the further end, and in a corner, a grave which seemed to be just covered with fresh earth. Upon this grave, a little boy, about five years old, lay at his full length. Mr. Courtney went up to him, with an air of kindness, and tenderly said, "What are you doing here, my boy?"

The Child. I am calling my mother. They put her to bed here yesterday, and she does not get up.

Mr. Courtney. Poor child! she must be dead.

The Child. Yes, they say she is dead; but I do not believe them; for she was quite well the other day, when she left me at our neighbor Sarah's. She told me she would come again, but she has never come! My father has gone away

from me, too; and so is my little brother; and none of the other children in the village will play with me any more.

Mr. C. They will not play with you? and why not?

The Child. I am sure I do not know; but whenever I want to run about with them, they push me away, and leave me all alone. And they say very bad things of my father and mother; and that is what is worse than all. O mother! mother! get up! get up!

Mr. Courtney's eyes were filled with tears. "You say," cried he, "that your father and your little brother are both gone. Do you know to what place?

The Child. I do not know where father is: but my little brother went, yesterday, to another village. There came a gentleman all in black, like our parson, that took him away with him.

Mr. C. And where do you live, now?

The Child. At our neighbor Sarah's: I shall stay there till mother comes back, as she promised me. I love ma'am Sarah very well; but I love ma'am that lies here, (*pointing to the grave,*) better than her. O mother! mother! why do you lie here so long? when will you get up again?

Mr. C. Poor little thing! do not call to her any more, for you can never awake her.

The Child. Well, then, I will lie down here, and sleep by her side. O! I saw her when they put her in that great box, which they said was a

coffin !—She was so pale ! and so cold !—O my mother ! I will lie down here, and sleep close by you !

Mr. Courtney could no longer restrain his tears : stooping down, he took the child in his arms, and, tenderly embracing him, said, "what is your name, my little boy ?"

The Child. I am called Jemmy, when I am very good ; and when I am naughty, my name is James.

"Will you show me the way to Sarah's ?" said Mr. Courtney, smiling, in the midst of his tears, at this simplicity.

Jemmy. Yes, Sir.

Jemmy then ran before Mr. Courtney, as fast as his little feet would carry him, till he came to the door of Sarah's cottage.

Sarah was much surprised, on seeing Jemmy conducting a gentleman to her small cottage ; while Jemmy, pointing to her with his finger, and then running to hide his face in her lap, called out, "Here she is ! this is my other mother !"

She could not tell what to think of so extraordinary a visit : but Mr. Courtney did not keep her long in uncertainty. He described to her the situation in which he had found the little boy, told her with what compassion he had filled him, and begged her to give him all the information in her power, concerning the relations of the poor child.

Sarah placed a chair for him by her side, and began her account as follows.

"The poor child's father is a shoemaker, who lived next door: and an honest, sober, hard-working man he is; quite young, still, and very well looking. His wife was a pretty woman; but she had a poor constitution, though she was industrious enough, and a very good housewife. It is about seven years since they were married, and they lived very well together, and would have made one of the happiest couples in the world, if their affairs had been a little better.

"But John had nothing besides his trade; and Margaret was without father or mother, and possessed nothing at the time of her marriage, but a little money which she had saved, when she was in the service of the good parson of a parish, about nine miles off. This money they spent in buying a bed, and some crockery ware, and things for housekeeping, and a small quantity of leather for their work.

"Poor as they were, they found means to live pretty well, for the first years of their marriage, by good care and hard work. But by and by came a family; which was the thing that first brought them into trouble. However, they would have managed very well, by doubling their diligence, if it had not been for misfortunes. Poor Margaret, who worked abroad all day long, to get a little money to carry home at night, to her husband, became sick with over work, and was ill all the Autumn, and all the Winter. Besides that, business went on very poorly, because John's customers, by little and little, left him, thinking

they should be but ill served in a house where there was a woman always sick.

"By and by, however, Margaret recovered; but her husband's business was ruined. They were forced to borrow money to pay the expenses of her sickness. John had no more work to do, for he had lost all his customers; and Margaret could get little or nothing, because she had so little strength, that nobody thought it worth while to employ her. Besides all this, the rent of their house, and the interest they were obliged to pay for the money they had borrowed, quite crushed them. They were sometimes obliged to go without food; and, if they had but a morsel of bread to give their children, they thought themselves happy enough. (*At these words, little Jemmy ran into a corner, and began to cry.*)

"Besides all this, their hard-hearted landlord, seeing they could not pay their Winter's rent, threatened John he would have him put in jail. They begged him to have patience till harvest-time, because then they could get a little money by working in the fields as day-laborers: but neither their begging nor their prayers could melt him; though he was richer than any body in the whole village. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could induce him to wait only for one month; and he said, that if he was not paid every thing, by the end of that, he would sell all their goods, and put John in prison. From that time forward, those poor people were so sad and sorrowful, it would have melted a rock to have seen them.

felt her pulse, shook his head, and said all was over. He tried to find out how she had been killed; and said she must have died, at once, of the fall, or else, for want of help, have gone off in a fainting fit.

"Now I can tell well enough how it all happened. She had gone back to her house, to get a bag from the garret, to bring the hemp in, and her eyes being a little dimmed with crying, she did not see where she put her foot, in coming down the garret-stairs, and so she fell, head foremost, from top to bottom, upon the stone floor. This I know, because the bag was at her side.

"But for all this, our parish officers had different thoughts: they gave orders to have the body buried the next day in a corner of the churchyard; and said they would search far and near, to find out what had become of John. I offered to keep both the children myself; for, hard as I find it to live, I always say to myself, 'God knows, I am but a poor widow; and so, if He gives these children to my care, He will help me to rear them.'

"However, the little brother of him you see here did not stay with me long; for it was but yesterday, a few hours after Margaret was buried, that the good parson with whom she had lived happened to call to see her. He knocked some time at the door; and, as nobody opened it, he came up to my window, and asked me what had become of John, the poor shoemaker, that lived at the next house. I told him, that if he would give himself the trouble to come in, for a moment,

I had a great many things to tell him about John, and about Margaret, too. So he came in, and sat down just where you do. I told him all that had happened; and it brought the tears into his eyes. When I told him that John had thought of applying to him, for a little help in his difficulties, he looked quite amazed, and told me he had not so much as seen John. The two children came up to him: and he played with them some time; and Jemmy asked him if he could not wake his mother for him, for she had been asleep a long while. The good parson's eyes again filled with tears, when he heard the poor child talk so; and he said to me, 'Good woman, I shall send to-morrow for both these little boys, and I will keep them at my house. If their father comes back again, and should be in a way to bring them up himself, he shall have them whenever he desires. But, in the mean time, I will take care, myself, to have them educated.'

"I cannot say I liked much to hear this. I love the dear little souls, like a mother, and it would have cost me very dear to lose them so soon. So I said, 'Sir, I do not know how to bring myself to part with these children; I am so attached to them, and they are so to me.' 'Well, then, good woman,' he replied, 'you shall let me have one, and I will leave you the other, as I see he will be so well off with you. And I will send you, from time to time, something to help you to keep him.'

"I could not refuse that much to the good par-

son; who then asked Jemmy if he should not like to go with him? 'What! where my mother is?' says Jemmy. 'O, yes! that I shall!' 'No my little dear,' says he, 'not there; but to my pretty house, and pretty garden.'——'No, no, no,' says Jemmy, 'I 'll stay here with Sarah; and I can go every day to look for mother; and I shall like that better than your pretty house and garden.' The good parson would not vex the poor child any more, for he had run to hide himself in the curtains of my bed. So he said, he would send his man for the youngest of them, who would have been more trouble to me than the eldest; and he left me some money to help on with Jemmy.

"So, sir, this is all I have to tell you of Jemmy's relations. But what makes me most sorry, now, is, that John should not have come home; and that the folks say that he is gone among a parcel of smugglers, and that his wife killed herself on that account. These stories have run about so in the village, that the very children have them in their mouths; and when my little Jemmy goes among them, they push him away, and all try to beat him. The poor child is sadly unhappy with it all; and so he never cares to go out, now, except to his mother's grave."

Mr. Courtney had heard in silence, but with the utmost compassion, the simple narration of Sarah. Jemmy had again returned to her; he looked at her with fondness, and called her, from time to time, his mother.

"Good, worthy woman," said Mr. Courtney, at last, "you have indeed behaved most generously towards this unhappy family; and God will surely bless you for it."

Sarah. I have only done my duty, sir; for what are we put here for, but to help one another? I think, for my part, I can do nothing more agreeable to God's commands, in return for all the good things He has given me, than to comfort, as well as I can, all my poor neighbors. I wish I could have done something better for them! But I have nothing on earth, but my cottage, and a little garden where I raise herbs, and what money I can earn, by the labor of my own hands. Still, for these eight years that I have been a poor widow, God has always enabled me to live pretty comfortably: and I have good reason to hope that He will continue to support me, for the rest of my time.

Mr. Courtney. But if you keep this child, constantly, the expense of his maintenance will be very heavy for you, as it will be long before he can gain his own living.

S. O! I can always manage so as to have enough for him: and I will share the last piece of bread I have in the world, with him.

Mr. C. But where will you get money enough to buy clothes for him?

S. O! the same Power that covers the fields with grass, and the trees with leaves, will take care and cover Jemmy too. He has given me fingers with which to sew and to spin, and I will

use them to clothe my little orphan into the bargain. While one can work and pray, one need want for nothing.

Mr. C. You are quite determined, then, to keep Jemmy yourself?

S. Yes, sir, as long as I live. I should have no comfort of my life, if I was to turn off the poor little motherless child, or let it be sent to the almshouse.

Mr. C. Are you related at all to his family?

S. No, sir, we are related together by nothing but good neighborhood and good religion.

Mr. C. I, too, then, am related, both to them and to you, by religion and by humanity. I cannot, therefore, suffer you, alone, to have all the honor of doing good to this orphan, when Heaven has furnished me with far better means to serve him, than it has given to you. You must trust me with the care of Jemmy's education; but since you are so much used to one another, and since your benevolence to him so well deserves to share what his affection for his mother has made me resolve in his favor, I will take you both into my house, and I will see to providing for you. Part, therefore, with your garden and your cottage, and follow me. You shall be lodged and nourished for the rest of your life.

S. (*looking at him with tears in her eyes.*) Do not be angry with me, sir; and may God reward you for all your goodness! but indeed I cannot accept your kind offers.

Mr. C. And why not?

S. Why, sir, in the first place, I should but yearn after the place where I was born, and where I have lived so many years; and in the next place, I should not know what to do in the hurry and bustle of a great house, and before so many people. I am not used to idleness, nor to dainty feeding; and I should only become sick, if I had nothing to do, or was to eat better things than ordinary. So I would rather stay in my own cottage with little Jemmy. He will be never the worse, for living a little hardly. But, however, if you send him, now and then, a little money to pay for his schooling, and to buy him tools for some trade, why, God will reward you for it a hundred fold; at least, Jemmy and I will, every day of our lives, pray Him to do it. I have no child, and so Jemmy is the same to me as if he was my own; and the little I have shall all go to him, when it pleases God to call me to Himself.

Mr. C. Be it so, then; I would not have my good offices for him occasion you any uneasiness. I will leave you the child, since you do so well together. Talk to him about me often, and make him understand that I shall supply the place of a father to him; at the same time that you take upon yourself both the name and the cares of the mother he so much grieves after. I will send you once a month all that you can want for his maintenance; and I will frequently come and see you myself; and then my visit shall always be as much to you as to him.

Sarah lifted up her eyes towards heaven, in devout thankfulness; and then, calling to the child, "Come, Jemmy," said she, "come and make a bow to the good gentleman, for he says he will be a father to you."

Jemmy made his bow; but, turning to Sarah, said, "How can he be my father! he has no apron on."

Mr. Courtney smiled at this childish innocence, and throwing a purse upon the table, said, "God bless you, most worthy woman! good-b'ye to you, my little Jemmy; it shall not be long before you see me again." He then went where he had left his horse, and rode immediately to the parish of the good clergyman, who had taken the younger orphan.

He found him employed in reading a letter, which was wetted with his tears. After their first salutations, Mr. Courtney acquainted him with the subject of his visit, and begged to know if he had procured any intelligence of what had become of the father of the two poor little boys.

"I have just now, sir," answered the clergyman, "received from him this letter, which he had written to his wife. He directed it to me, with this little sum of money, desiring me to forward them both to the poor woman, and to try to console her for his absence. But, as she is dead, I opened it myself. Here it is, sir; will you have the goodness to read it? Mr. Courtney eagerly took it, and read what follows.

"My dear Wife,

"I am very sorry to think in what trouble you must have been, at my absence: but I must tell you how it all happened. As I was upon the road, to go to the worthy clergyman, your late master, this thought came into my head: 'What good,' thinks I, 'will come to me by turning beggar? it is only getting out of one debt, to get into another; and then I shall never be at rest, for thinking how I shall pay it.' At my age, to ask for money, when I am able to work for it, is a shame. They will only think me either lazy or extravagant. The worthy parson married us himself, and he looks upon us as his children: but suppose he should refuse me, out of scorn; or else, that it should not be in his power to help us? Besides, supposing he would lend me the money for a whole year, how do I know if I could pay him at the end? and if I did not, how am I any better than a robber? I shall have imposed upon him. So this was what I said to myself about it, my dear Margaret; and then I began to think how I could get us both out of these difficulties, in an honest way. But I did not know what to do; and I was very mournful, and sadly at a loss; when all at once, the thought came into my mind, 'Why, I am still but young, and I am tall and strong; what harm would it do me, to turn soldier for a few years? I can write and read, and cast accounts prettily enough: and then I may make my own fortune, and my wife's and children's beside; or, at least, I can get free of my debts. So, if

once I am but fixed, why, as soon as I get any thing, I can send it to poor Margaret.'

"So I turned all these thoughts in my mind, for about half an hour, and then I happened to see, just behind me, a couple of soldiers. They soon joined me, and asked me where I came from, and where I was going to? and whether I should like to serve my country. I made them believe, at first, that I had no mind to their business: and they pressed me very much, and promised me the good round sum of thirty dollars; so I told them, that, upon that condition, I would bind myself to them for six years. 'Done!' says they; 'so come along with us, and the affair shall be settled, at once.' Then they took me before an officer, and had me measured; and asked if I could read and write, and cast accounts; and when I said yes, they soon gave me the money. And so, as you see, my dear Margaret, I am now turned a soldier, on purpose to get us clear of our difficulties. I send you the whole sum, for I would not keep a cent of it for myself. Pay off at once what I owe, and with the rest, do the best you can, for keeping house. Nurse yourself, well, that you may get back your strength; and buy clothes for the children, and send them to school. I know you are careful and industrious, and will make the most you can of every thing. My pay will be small; but I shall try to save a part of it, every day, to send to you at the end of the month: and, in a little while, I shall ask leave of absence, that I may go and see you, my dear Margeret.

So do not afflict yourself: but trust in God, for six years will soon pass away. I shall then come and live with you again, and we shall keep house together, as we formerly did.

"Bring up our children well, and make them stay within doors, and teach them to love work. Say your prayers with them, every day, and tell them how to do their duty, and grow up honestly. You are able to teach them what is right. So live in the fear of the Lord, and pray to him for me, and I will pray to him for you. Send me an answer directly; you need only give your letter to the parson, and I shall know how to get it. Kiss both the children, for me. Tell Jemmy, that if he is very good, I will bring him some pretty things when I come home. So praise God for all things, and love me as long as you live; and I am your loving husband, JOHN BUND."

Mr. Courtney could not read this letter without tears. When he had finished it, "Ah!" cried he, "how good a husband, how good a father, and how honest a man! What pleasure can be greater than serving such worthy people? I will buy off the six years for John. I will pay his debts, and I will enable him to begin his trade, again, with ease and comfort. The thirty dollars shall be reserved for the children. It has been but too dearly earned by their father! It shall be divided between them, when they are old enough to go into some business. Keep the whole sum in your hands for them, and speak to them of it,

from time to time, as the most lively and tender token of their father's regard for them. I will pay you interest for it, myself, which you shall add to their little capital. I cannot but have some share in this most affecting transaction."

The worthy clergyman was too much moved, to be able to make any answer. Mr. Courtney well understood the cause and feeling of his silence; and, having bid him adieu, pressed his hand, and left him.

All his schemes, in favor of John, have since been put in execution: and John, restored to repose and quiet, now enjoys comfort and peace, such as he had never before tasted, and such as, but for the loss of Margaret, would make him the happiest of men. His only consolation for that is in continually talking of her, with the faithful Sarah. The good woman looks upon herself as his sister, and as the mother of his children. Little Jemmy has not yet suffered one day to pass, without again visiting the grave of his mother: but he has made such good use of the opportunity, which Mr. Courtney has given him for improvement, that the most advantageous plan for his future welfare is already formed by that benevolent gentlemen. He has also taken care that the same attention shall be paid to his younger brother: nor has he ever, from that time to this, mounted his horse, without recalling to his mind this touching adventure: and, whenever he is himself tormented, by distress or misfortune, he hastens to visit those, whom his own generosity has made

happy, and never fails to return to his family lightened of all his sorrows.

My readers will from this narrative learn, that God always watches over those who put their trust in Him. It is to Him that we must look, and on Him that we must rely, on every occasion; and He will not desert us, provided we ourselves also try to surmount difficulties by patience and industry.

THE MASONS ON THE LADDER;

OR, MUTUAL ASSISTANCE NECESSARY.

As Mr. Durand was walking out, one day, with his little son Ambrose, through some of the public streets, they stopped to look at a house, which was building, and already raised to the second story.

Ambrose observed several workmen, standing one above another, upon the steps of a high ladder, who were successively lifting up, and letting down, their arms. This sight raised his curiosity. "Papa!" cried he, "at what game are these men playing? Let us go nearer the foot of the ladder, and see."

They now placed themselves where they could make their remarks without any danger. They then perceived a man, who, from a large pile of stones, took out one, which he carried to another

man, who stood upon the first step of the ladder; and who, lifting it up with both his hands above his head, gave it to a third, who stood still higher, and who, in the same manner, passed it on to a fourth. And thus, from one to another, the stone at length arrived at the top of the scaffolding, where the masons were in readiness to go to work with it.

"What do you think of all this?" said Mr. Durand to his son; "can you tell why such a number of people should be employed in building this one house? Should you not think it better to have one workman go on with it alone, and so to let every man build a house by himself?"

"Yes, indeed, I should," replied Ambrose; "for there would then be a great many more houses than there are now."

"Do you consider well what you are saying?" said Mr. Durand; "do you know how many different trades and arts belong to the building of a house? that, if one man alone should undertake it, he must be well acquainted with them all? and that he might pass his whole life in acquiring such variety of knowledge, before he would know enough of the matter to set about any building at all?

"And even supposing him able to learn, in a short time, all he should know for that purpose; how slowly must he proceed, if wholly without help; first, in digging the earth, in order to prepare the foundation; then, in collecting, and bringing to the spot, the stones or bricks for the

structure; then, in shaping them; in preparing the mortar, plaster, and lime, and whatever else is required in the business of a mason! Imagine him, however, now here, and in full spirits, settling his dimensions, raising his ladders, and running up his scaffoldings; in what time do you think, all alone, he could build his house to the roof?"

"Why, indeed, papa," replied Ambrose, "I am afraid he would never be able to finish it, without a little help."

"I think not, indeed," said his father. "And you may make the same observation, upon all the works of a community, as upon the building of this house. When any man takes a fancy to retire from society, and labor by himself; when, from the fear of being obliged to others for assistance, he refuses to work with them; he wastes both his strength and his time in the attempt, and is always, in the end, compelled to abandon it. But where we mutually aid and help one another, we can perform, in a short time, the most difficult and laborious things, and such as, undertaken singly, might each require the life of a man to execute.

"It is the same, also, with our amusements and pleasures. Those who would enjoy them alone, and selfishly, must confine themselves to a very small number: but if all would unite in contributing to the happiness of others, each would be certain of an ample portion for himself.

"In time, my dear Ambrose, you will enter into the world: let the example, therefore, of these workmen, be ever present to your memo-

ry. You see, from the mutual help which they give to one another, how much shorter and easier are the labors of all. We will come this way, again, in a few days, and we shall find that, by their united industry, their house will be nearly finished. Endeavor, then, always to assist others in their employments, if you wish to have them ready and willing to assist you in yours."

PHILIPPA AND MAXIMILIAN;

OR, THE IMPORTANCE OF PARENTAL IMPARTIALITY.

Mrs. Carlton was left a widow very young, with two children, named Philippa and Maximilian. Each of them alike merited her tenderness, though it was bestowed upon them with the greatest inequality. Philippa, notwithstanding her youth, was very sensible of her mamma's partiality in favor of her brother; but, however unhappy it sometimes made her, she concealed, in her own little bosom, all the uneasiness which it caused her.

Her face and figure were not remarkably handsome, and were by no means equally interesting with her heart and understanding: while her brother was a very beautiful child, and Mrs. Carlton reserved for him all her fondness and caresses. Even the servants of the house, in order to gain the favor of their mistress, seemed to

think of nothing but diverting him, and complying with all his humors. Philippa, on the contrary, because always checked and reproved by her mother, was certain of being treated still worse by the domestics. Far from studying her inclinations, they scarcely treated her even with common civility.

When she found herself alone, and thought herself deserted and forgotten, she sometimes burst into a flood of tears; but never, in the presence of any one, suffered the smallest complaint to escape her, or showed the least sign of discontent. It was in vain that she strove, by a constant application to all her tasks, by gentleness, and the most active desire of obliging, to make amends, in the sight of her mother, for her deficiency of beauty: the qualities of the mind are lost, upon those who accustom themselves to value nothing but outward appearances.

Mrs. Carlton, little moved by the proofs of duty or regard which she received from Philippa, especially since the death of her father, seemed never even to look at her, without reluctance. She frequently reprimanded her; and even required from her a perfection, which ought not, with justice, to have been expected, even from an age and understanding far more advanced.

This unjust parent at length became very sick. Maximilian appeared very truly concerned for her sufferings; but Philippa, who, in the languid looks and pale features of her mother, fancied she perceived an abatement of her usual rigor, far ex-

ceeded her brother in attentions and tenderness. She endeavored to supply her slightest wants, and watched every turn of her eye, that she might discover her wishes, and save her the trouble of speaking them, by bringing, of her own accord, whatever she thought it likely she could want. She would not once quit her bedside, while there was any appearance of danger; and neither entreaties nor commands could prevail upon her to take a moment's rest.

Mrs. Carlton, however, at length recovered. This much-desired restoration of health removed all the fears of Philippa; but her unhappiness returned, at the same time, when she found her mother as harsh with her as ever.

One day, when Mrs. Carlton was conversing with her children upon the misery she had suffered in her illness, and was thanking them both, for the kindness with which they had nursed and attended her; she said, "My dear children, you may each of you ask from me whatever you think will give you the most pleasure: and I will promise to grant it, be it what it may, provided your demands are not *very* unreasonable. What should you like, Maximilian?" addressing herself first to her son.

"A watch and a sword, mamma," he answered.

"You shall have them both, to-morrow, my love, as soon as you rise. And you, Philippa, what will you have?"

"I? mamma, I?" cried Philippa, trembling;

"O! I want nothing at all, if you do but love me."

"That is no answer, child; I mean to give you, also, some recompense for your attention to me. What, therefore, should you like? Speak, when I bid you."

Philippa, though accustomed to this severity, felt more than usually hurt by it, upon the present occasion. She threw herself upon her knees, before her mother's chair, and looked up to her, with her eyes full of tears; then, hiding her face with both her hands, she stammered out, "Give to me, then, only two such kisses as you gave my brother!"

Mrs. Carlton, touched at heart by this unexpected request, felt reproved for her past neglect; and at that moment, all those sentiments of affection for her daughter, which hitherto had been stifled, burst forth. She took her in her arms, pressed her fondly to her bosom, and kissed her many times. The sweet child, who now, for the first time, received from her mother any marks of kindness, gave way to the effusions of joy and love; she kissed, in her transport, her mother's eyes, her cheeks, and her hands. Maximilian, who had never been wanting in love to his sister, joined in their mutual caresses: and they all three enjoyed a happiness, which was not limited to that moment.

Mrs. Carlton, henceforward, bestowed, with interest, upon Philippa, all the fondness which she had hitherto denied to her; and Philippa return-

ed it with still increasing attachment. Maximilian, far from being jealous, made his sister's felicity a pleasure to himself; and he found, in a short time, the reward of such generous conduct: for, the natural goodness of his disposition having been, in some degree, injured, by the weakness and blindness of his mother, he gave way, as he grew up, to many little follies and indiscretions, which might have weaned her love from him, had not Philippa always endeavored to excuse him. The good advice which, from time to time, this amiable girl gave to him, brought him back from his follies, into the right path; and they each learned, from their own experience, this useful lesson,—That there can be no happiness, in any family, without the most perfect union between brothers and sisters, and the most equal and impartial affection for them, from their parents.

PHEBE AND THE LAMB;

OR, COMPASSION REWARDED.

Little Phebe, the daughter of a poor shepherd, was sitting, one morning, by the side of the great road, holding upon her lap a porringer of milk, into which she was dipping some brown bread, for her breakfast.

During this little repast, a farmer passed along the road, who had in his cart about twenty

lambs, which he was taking to market. These poor little animals, crowded one upon another, with their legs tied, and their heads drooping, filled the air with their plaintive bleatings, which pierced the very heart of Phebe, though the farmer heard them without concern.

When he came opposite to where Phebe was sitting, he threw a poor little lamb before her, which he was carrying upon his shoulder. "There, child," cried he, "there is a good-for-nothing creature, that has just died, and made me a dollar the poorer. Take it, if you will, and make a feast of it."

Phebe immediately left off eating her breakfast, and, putting her porringer and the bread on the ground, took the lamb in her arms, and looked at it, with much tenderness and compassion.

"Poor little creature!" cried she; "yet, why should I be sorry for you? Either to-day, or to-morrow, they would have taken a great knife, and cut your poor throat; and now, instead of that, you have nothing more to go through." While she was talking to it, in this manner, the lamb, growing warm again in her arms, began to open its eyes, and move, and make a faint bleating cry, as if pining for its dam.

It would be difficult to describe the joy of Phebe, at the sound of its voice. She wrapped it up in her apron, then covered it over again with her fustian coat, and bent her neck almost down upon her knees to keep it warmer, breathing, at the same time, with all the force she could,

into its nostrils. By degrees, the poor animal revived, and her own heart beat with joy every time it showed any signs of life. Encouraged by this success, she rolled up some crums in her hands, put them into her porringer, and, taking them out with her fingers, contrived, though not without much difficulty, to force them between its teeth, though they were shut very close. The lamb, which was only dying from hunger and fatigue, began to be a little strengthened by this nourishment. It first began to stretch out its legs, and shake its head and tail, and prick up its ears ; and soon after, was so much better, as to stand upon its feet ; and then, seeing the porringer, with Phebe's breakfast, went and drank out of it, to the great delight of the little girl. In short, a quarter of an hour had hardly passed, before the little creature was so well recovered, as to cut a thousand capers round her new little mistress.

Phebe, in a transport of joy, took the lamb in her arms, and running with her into the cottage, showed her to her mother. Little Baa-lamb, as she now called her, became, from this time, the object of all her cares. She always shared with her her own allowance of milk ; and she would not have parted with this one little lamb, for the largest flock of sheep in the village. Baa-lamb was so grateful for her kindness, that she was never a step distant from her. She would eat out of her hand, and frisk perpetually round her ; and whenever Phebe was forced to go out with-

out her, would show her sorrow by the most plaintive bleating.

The pity and good-nature of Phebe, however, had a still greater recompense. Baa-lamb brought forth several other little lambs, who, in their turn, brought forth others: so that, in a few years, Phebe had a very pretty flock of sheep, entirely her own; which fed the family with their milk, and supplied them with clothes from their wool.

THE VINE STALK;

OR, JUDGE NOT BY OUTWARD APPEARANCES.

One day, in the beginning of the Spring, Mr. Sefton took a walk to his country house, with his son Junius. The violets and primroses were in full bloom; and many of the trees were already putting forth their green leaves, while others were bright and gay with white or crimson blossoms, which promised the finest fruits.

They strolled on, till they came into an alley of lattice work, at the foot of which grew a vine, whose rough and crooked stem spread, without beauty or order, its brown and naked stalk over the lattice. "Papa!" cried Junius, "do you see this ugly tree, which looks as if it was staring and making faces at us? Why do you not tell the gardener to take it up, and make fire-wood of it?"

Julius then began pulling at it, as hard as he could, in order to force it up by the roots; but the roots were too deep in the earth for his strength. "Pray let it alone," said Mr. Sefton; "I do not wish to have it removed. I shall tell you, in due time, my reasons."

"But only look, papa," said Junius, "at those beautiful blossoms of the almond and peach trees! why should not the vine be as pretty, too, if it is not to be pulled up? It spoils and destroys the looks of every thing. Shall I go and tell the gardener to come and drag it away?"

"No, my dear," said his father; "I would have it stay where it is, a little while longer."

Junius still persisted in abusing it; but his father endeavored to turn his attention to other objects; and at last the unfortunate vine stalk was forgotten.

Mr. Sefton's affairs soon after carried him to a town at some distance, where he was detained till the Autumn.

One of his first cares, on his return, was to visit his country seat; and he again took his little son with him. The weather was extremely hot, and they sought shelter from the rays of the sun, by walking in the alley of lattice-work.

"Ah! papa," cried Junius, "how delightful is this green, and this shade! How glad I am, that you made them take away that dry old wood, that I was so vexed to see in the Spring, and surprise me by putting in its place the most charming tree that ever I saw in my life! What de-

lightful fruit it has! Only look at these fine grapes! some green, some purple, others almost black! There is not one single tree, in the whole garden, that makes so good a figure as this. Almost all the rest have lost their fruit; but this, —only look! papa, how it is covered! see what thick clusters there are, under these large green leaves! I should like to know whether they are as sweet-tasted as they are pretty."

Mr. Sefton gave him a grape, to taste. His transports were now increased; and still more, when his father informed him, that it was from pressing these grapes that the delightful juice was produced which he had sometimes tasted at table, after dinner.

"I see, my dear, how much you are surprised," said Mr. Sefton; "but your amazement will be yet greater, when I tell you, that this is the very same tree, so dry, brown, twisted, and sprawling, at which you so much scoffed, in the Spring. Shall I now call the gardener, and tell him to root it up, and heat his oven with it?"

"O! not for the world, papa! I would rather have him root up every tree in the garden."

"You see, then, Junius," said Mr. Sefton, "how imprudently I should have acted, if I had followed your advice. Daily experience teaches us, that the same error, which has misled you, is a very common one in the affairs of life. At the sight of an ill-dressed or homely child, the richer and happier are too apt to despise him; to grow proud by being compared with him, and even have

the cruelty to insult and deride him. Be careful, my son, of ever forming such hasty judgements. Perhaps, in that very person, who has been so little favored by Nature, there may reside a soul, which one day may astonish the world by the greatness of its virtues, or instruct and benefit mankind by its extraordinary talents. The stalk may be rough, where the fruit is the finest and best flavored."

THE FARMER;

OR, USEFUL KNOWLEDGE THE MOST VALUABLE.

Mr. Dodwell was one day in his library, attending to some affairs of importance, when a servant came to tell him that farmer Mathews, one of his tenants, was at the street-door, and desired to speak with him. Mr. Dodwell gave orders that he should be shown into the sitting-room, and desired to wait there, for a few minutes, till he had finished his business.

Roger, Alexander, and Sophia, three children of Mr. Dodwell, were in the sitting-room at the time farmer Mathews was introduced. He saluted them, very respectfully, as he came into the room, though it was easy to discover that he had never received any lessons from a dancing master. Neither was his language, nor his manner of speaking to them, at all more elegant.

The two little boys smiled at one another, with an air of ridicule. They examined the honest farmer, from head to foot, with a disdainful eye, whispered one another in the ear, and burst out into such shouts of laughter, that the poor man blushed, and felt very unpleasantly.

Roger even carried his ill-breeding so far, as to hold his nostrils, and call out to his brother, "Alexander! what a strong smell here is!" He then went for a chafing-dish of hot coals, with which he walked up and down the chamber, burning paper, to take off, he said, the bad odor. He next rung for one of the servants, and told him to bring a broom, and sweep away the dirt, which poor Matthews had brought upon the floor on his shoes. Meanwhile, Alexander stood laughing at the impertinence of his brother.

It was not so with their sister Sophia. Far from imitating the rudeness of her brothers, she reproved them for their want of civility, endeavored to make excuses to the farmer, and going up to him, with a look of great sweetness, she asked, if he would have any wine to refresh himself, made him sit down, and took his hat and stick, herself, and put them upon the table.

In a short time, Mr. Dodwell entered the room. He advanced, with a friendly air, to Mathews, took him by the hand, inquired after his wife and children, and the business which had brought him to town.

"I have brought you my quarter's rent, sir," answered Mathews, "drawing from his pocket

a leather bag full of money. Do not be angry that I am two or three days behind my time; for the roads were so broken up, that I could not any sooner carry my corn to market."

"I am not angry with you at all," answered Mr. Dodwell; "I know you are a very honest man, and that there is no need of reminding you of your debts."

He then ordered a table to be brought forward, for the convenience of the farmer, in counting his money.

Roger started at the sight of Mathews's silver dollars, and looked at him now a little less contemptuously.

When Mr. Dodwell had examined the farmer's accounts, and praised his exactness, the good man produced a basket of dried fruit, which he had baked: "See, sir," said he, "I have brought this for your young folks. Why will you not let them come, some day, sir, to take a little country air? I will feast them as well as I can, and try if I cannot find them some amusement. I have very good horses; and I can come for them, myself, and bring them back, at night, in my chaise." Mr. Dodwell promised he would himself go and see him, and begged him to stay to dinner. Mathews thanked him, for his kind invitation, but excused himself from accepting it, because he had some purchases to make, in town, and was in great haste to get back to his farm.

Mr. Dodwell had his basket then filled with cakes, to carry to his children, and thanked him

for the present he had brought to his own; and, after wishing him strength for his hard labor, and health to support his family, he saw him to the head of the stairs, and then bid him good-day.

He was no sooner gone, than Sophia, before both her brothers, told her father how rudely they had behaved to honest Mathews, upon his arrival.

Mr. Dodwell expressed much displeasure at the conduct of Roger and Alexander, and, at the same time, warmly praised Sophia, for the difference of her conduct. "I am glad to see," said he, kissing her tenderly, "that my dear Sophia so well knows what civility is due to all honest people."

It was now breakfast time; and he ordered the farmer's dried fruits to be brought upon the table, and eat part of them, himself, and gave some to his daughter. They both found them very good. Roger and Alexander breakfasted at the same time, but were neither of them invited to partake of the fruit. With their eyes, however, they devoured it all.

Mr. Dodwell pretended not to observe them; but again began to praise Sophia, charging her never to despise any one on account of the plainness of his clothes. "Because," said he, "if we only are well behaved to those who are finely dressed, it will seem as if our politeness was extended to the gown, or the coat, and not to the persons who wear them. Those who are the plainest dressed are sometimes the best people.

Mathews is an example of this, himself: he not only manages, by his industry, to maintain himself, and his wife, and his children; but, for these four years that he has been my tenant, he has paid his rent, with such exactness, that I have never once had to call upon him for his money. You do not know, perhaps, my dear Sophia, that, if this man were less honest, I could not myself supply all the expenses of you and your brothers. It is he, in fact, who enables me to buy you clothes, and procure you a good education; for all that I receive from him, I reserve entirely for your dress, and your different masters."

When breakfast was over, Mr. Dodwell gave orders to have the rest of the fruit locked up. Roger and Alexander looked greedily after it; though they easily understood it was not preserved for their sakes.

Their father confirmed their disappointment. "Expect not," he said, "to taste, either to-day or any other day, those fruits. When the farmer, who brought them for you, has better reason to be satisfied with your behavior, he will not forget to send you more."

Roger. But, papa, was it any fault of mine, that he has such a bad smell with him?

Mr. Dodwell. What smell?

R. O! such a strong smell of manure; there was no bearing it!

Mr. D. And where could he get that smell?

R. Why, he is all day long working in the midst of it, in his fields.

Mr. D. What should he do, to prevent it, then ?

R. Why he should . . . he should . . .

Mr. D. Perhaps he should never put any manure upon his lands ?

R. That would be the only way, papa.

Mr. D. But if he did not improve his lands, by manuring them, how would he gather in a plentiful crop from them ? and if he had a bad one, how would he manage to pay me rent for his farm ?

Roger was going to answer ; but his father gave him a look, in which both he and Alexander read his displeasure, and were silenced.

Not long after, the good Mathews was one morning early at Mr. Dodwell's door. He sent up to him, to know if he should like to come and take a turn about his farm. Mr. Dodwell, pleased with his civility, would not mortify him by a refusal. Roger and Alexander earnestly begged to be admitted of the party, and made many promises to behave better.

Mr. Dodwell complied with their entreaties ; and they jumped into the carriage with much delight ; and, as the farmer had excellent horses, and drove well, they soon came to his house.

What could equal their happiness, when the carriage stopped ! Mathews's wife came, with an air of the utmost satisfaction, to the door, gave them a joyful reception, as she opened it, took the children in her arms to help them out, kissed them cordially, and led them into the farm-yard.

All her own children were already there, in

their best clothes. "How do you do?" and, "You are very welcome," they all cried to their young guests, while they bowed and courtesied, with the utmost respect. Mr. Dodwell wished much to talk a little with them, and caress them; but dame Mathews entreated him to come in, lest the coffee and rolls, which she had prepared for their breakfast, should grow cold.

It was all ready, and upon a table covered over with the whitest cloth. It was not, indeed, served in silver, nor even in china; but though the crockery was ordinary, it was perfectly clean and neat.

Roger and Alexander looked slyly at each other, and would have shouted with laughter, but from fear of making their papa angry. Dame Mathews, however, saw, by their grimaces, what passed in their minds: she made an excuse, that her things were no better; and said, that to be sure they would have been helped in finer dishes at their own house, but that they must take in good part what was given them with a hearty welcome.

Besides the rolls, they had some homemade cakes, which were so extremely good, that it was easy to discover the hospitable woman had exerted her utmost skill, both in making and baking them.

After breakfast, Mathews begged Mr. Dodwell to look at his orchard and his grounds. Dame Mathews used her utmost endeavors to make this walk pleasant to the children. She showed them her flocks of sheep, with which the mead-

ows were covered, and picked out some of the prettiest little lambs for them to play with. She next carried them to her pigeon-house, where every thing was neat and clean. Upon the ground, there were two young doves, which were just quitting their nests, but not yet bold enough to venture to trust to their own little fluttering wings. Some of the females were sitting upon eggs, in their small houses; and others were occupied by feeding their young, but just coming out of their shells.

From the pigeon-house, they went to the bee-hives. Dame Mathews took care not to let them go too near, yet placed them where they could plainly see the little creatures at work.

As most of these things were quite new to them, they appeared extremely entertained with them: and they were even begging to look at them all a second time, when Thomas, the farmer's youngest son, ran to tell them that dinner was waiting.

It was served upon pewter dishes, and they ate from earthen plates: but Roger and Alexander were both put into such good-humor, by all they had been looking at in the morning, that they were ashamed to give way any longer to their turn for ridicule. They found every thing nice and well cooked; for dame Mathews had done the best she possibly could, to regale them.

While they were eating fruit, after dinner, Mr. Dodwell perceived two violins hanging up against the wall. "Who have you, that plays upon

these instruments, here ?" said he. "My eldest boy and myself, " answered the farmer ; and, without a word more, he made a sign to his son to take down the violins. They then played some little old ballads, first, of a mournful cast, and next, light and gay, with such readiness and so much desire of obliging, that Mr. Dodwell both felt and expressed the utmost satisfaction at their performance.

When they were going to put up the instruments again, in their places, "No no," cried Mr. Dodwell ; "it is now your turns, Roger and Alexander, to try what you can do, for our entertainment. Come ! play us some of your prettiest tunes." In saying these words, he put the violins into their hands ; but they knew not how even to hold the bow, and their awkwardness and confusion raised a general laugh.

Mr. Dodwell then begged the farmer to order his carriage to be got ready, that they might return home. Mathews very urgently pressed them to stay all night ; but Mr. Dodwell could spare no more time, and therefore they took leave.

"Well, Roger," said Mr. Dodwell, on their way home, "how do you find yourself, after your little journey ?"

R. Very well, papa. Those good people did the best they could to entertain us.

Mr. D. I am very happy you are satisfied. But if Mr. Mathews had taken no trouble to entertain you, and if he had not given you any refreshment, should you have been as well pleased as you are now ?

R. No, certainly, papa.

Mr. D. What should you have thought of him?

R. That he was a very unmannerly clown.

Mr. D. O, Roger, Roger! when this honest man came to our house, far from offering him the smallest refreshment, you only laughed at him, and turned him into ridicule! Who, then, is the best bred, and best practises good manners, you, or the farmer?

Roger blushed, and seemed at a loss what reply to make; at length he said, "But it is his duty to receive us well; he gets his living out of your estate."

Mr. D. And how?

R. Why, by the harvests from your fields, and the hay from your meadows.

Mr. D. True; but what does he do with the corn?

R. He lives upon it; he, and his wife, and his children.

Mr. D. And what with the hay?

R. He gives that to his horses.

Mr. D. And what does he do with his horses?

R. He employs them in tilling the ground.

Mr. D. You see, therefore, that some part of what he takes from the ground is turned, in the end, to its own benefit. But do you suppose he consumes all it produces among his own family, and his horses?

R. No, sir, the cows have their share, too.

A. Yes, and the sheep, and the pigeons, and the chickens.

Mr. D. Very true; but do his family, and his cattle together, consume his whole crops?

R. No, sir; for I remember I heard him once say, that he carried part of it to market, to raise money from it.

Mr. D. And what does he do with that money?

R. Why, papa, last week, you know, he brought a leather bag, quite full of it, to you.

Mr. D. Who then, at last, receives the greater profit from the farm, Mr. Mathews or your father? It is true, indeed, he feeds his horses with the hay he makes out of my meadows; but those horses are employed in tilling the land, which, otherwise, would be overrun with weeds. He feeds, also, as you say, his sheep and his cows with the same hay; but they supply manure for the ground, which again makes it fertile. His wife and children, too, live upon the corn reaped in the harvests; but they spend the Summer in weeding that corn, and then threshing it in the barns: and all this, in the end, is for my advantage. The overplus of his crops he carries to sell, at market, in order to raise money to pay me his rent. And as to what may remain, after I have received my dues,—does he not well deserve what his own industry procures him? Once more, then, tell me, who has the greatest profit, he or I?

R. Why, I now see that you do.

Mr. D. And what profit should I have, without his labors?

R. O! there are enough other farmers in the world!

Mr. D. True; but there are not any more valuable than this man. The tenant who rented this very farm of me, before I let it to Mr. Mathews, cut down the trees, exhausted the soil, and suffered the barns and other buildings to go to ruin. When the quarter-days came, he was never ready with his money; and when I complained to him of his neglect, he represented to me that the whole farm was not able to produce enough to pay me.

R. O! what a rogue!

Mr. D. If Mr. Mathews was just such another, do you think I should make much of my estate?

R. Why, no, sir.

Mr. D. To whom, then, am I obliged, for what I get from it?

R. Why, sir, to this honest farmer.

Mr. D. Is it not, then, our duty to behave well to a man who is so useful to us?

R. Ah, papa! you make me quite ashamed of myself!

They were now all for some minutes silent; but Mr. Dodwell soon renewed the conversation. "Why would you not play upon the violin, Roger?"

R. You know, papa, I was never taught to play upon it.

Mr. D. Farmer Mathews's son, then, knows something more than you do?

R. Yes, papa; but he does not understand Latin, as I do.

Mr. D. And do you, Roger, understand farming? can you follow the plough? can you tell how to sow wheat, barley, oats, and all sorts of grain? Do you know how they are cultivated? Can you even tell how to prune a vine, or manage a fruit-tree, so as to make it bear?

R. I am no farmer; so I have no occasion to know such things as those.

Mr. D. And if every body in the world knew nothing but Latin, how do you think we should all live?

R. Why, very ill; for we should not know how to get bread, nor vegetables.

Mr. D. And do you think the world could go on, if not even one person in it knew Latin?

R. Why, —— yes, sir.

Mr. D. Remember, then, as long as you live, what you have just now heard and seen. This farmer, so plain in his dress, so awkward in his bow, so uncouth in his compliments, and whom you so despised, is a man, infinitely more polite than you have been, and knows many more things than you do; and these things, all far more useful than any with which you can pretend to be acquainted. You see, therefore, now, the folly and injustice of holding any one in contempt, for the plainness of his dress, or the want of polished elegance in his manners.

OLD JOHN;

OR, THE SECRET OF SECURING GOOD SERVANTS.

Mr. Bellamy and Edward his son.

Edward. PAPA! I can tell you of a very good servant, when you turn away old John.

Mr. Bellamy. And who requested you to take any such trouble? Why should you think I intended to turn him away?

E. Why, papa! shall you always keep that old fellow? I am sure a younger man would do much better for us.

Mr. B. How now, Edward! Is that a good reason for discharging an old servant? An old fellow! you call him; O, Edward! you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Is it not in my service that he has grown old? is it not even very probable that his attendance upon you, in your childhood, and the concern and anxiety which he felt for your frequent illnesses, have made him grow old before his time? How unreasonable, therefore, and how ungrateful would it be, to take an aversion to him, on account of his age! and do you think yourself at all justifiable in telling me that a younger man would suit us so much better? A decision such as that requires far more experience, than you can yet have had, and a judgement, at which you cannot have arrived. I will, however, convince you, in a few minutes, of the very supe-

rior advantages an old servant has over a young one, for fidelity, for exactness, and for knowledge of his business.

E. I believe it, to be sure, papa, if you say so. But then his wearing that wig! it seems so droll to see a man standing behind your chair, and waiting upon you, with a wig on: I can never look at him, without being ready to burst out a laughing.

Mr. B. This is a bad account of your own disposition, Edward, and such a one as I did not suspect you of having. Do you not know that he lost his hair in a long and dangerous illness? Is not laughing at him, then, an insult to God, who visited him with that illness?

E. But then he is such a grumbler, papa! and besides, he is not half so nimble as any of the others are.

Mr. B. No, no, Edward, he may be grave and thoughtful; but I am sure he is no grumbler. Neither, indeed, is he quite so alert, as a young lad of eighteen or twenty; but are you therefore to hate him? O! Edward! the very idea makes me shudder! You may also, then, hate me, too, should Heaven indulge me with an old age!

E. O no! indeed, papa; I am not so wicked as that.

Mr. B. You do not think it any wickedness, then, to hate poor old John, because his age prevents him from being so active as he was formerly?

E. I am in the wrong, I own, papa; and indeed I am very sorry, now, to recollect how——

Mr. B. Why do you stop? What is it you are sorry to recollect?

E. If I should confess what I have done, papa, you would only be angry with me, and then I should be punished.

Mr. B. You know, very well, Edward, that I do not love to chastise you, and that it is a method of correction I very seldom employ. It is by reasoning, and by gentleness, that I endeavor to direct and to govern both you and your sister. I am ignorant what fault you have committed; I cannot, therefore, promise that you shall not be punished for it. But is that the condition you would prescribe for making your confession? Do you not know my affection for you? I shall give you no other pledge: on that, however, you may rely, as much as upon a promise.

E. Why, then, papa, I will own to you, that I ——— I called old John,—an old rascal.

Mr. B. Is it possible! and could you really so far forget what is due to so worthy a man? Did he hear you?

E. Yes, papa; that is what makes me so sorry.

Mr. B. You have reason, indeed, to be sorry; but it is not sufficient to repent, merely because your insult to an innocent fellow-creature was heard by him; you should feel the same remorse, if you abused him in his absence.

E. And so I do, papa; but the thing I am so sorry for, is having used him so ill to his face; for—for—

Mr. B. Go on, Edward; you have begun to open your heart to me; do not stop.

E. I will not, papa;—for when I had treated him so, he burst into tears, and said, "Are not the misfortunes of old age bad enough to bear? must I also be made the scorn of childhood?"

Mr. B. Poor old John! I know well it was just the sort of injury to wring his very heart. It is indeed very hard, at his time of life, to be made the sport of a child; and how much more hard, when from a child whom he has known and attended from his birth, and to whom he has done services and good offices that can never be repaid!

E. Ah! papa, how much I have been to blame! I will go and ask his pardon; and I promise you, that he shall never have to complain of me again.

Mr. B. You will do very right; and on those terms alone can you obtain forgiveness. We are all weak creatures; and, for a few moments, may easily be hurried from our duty, by our passions. But when we come again to ourselves, our repentance for our faults ought to make the deepest impression upon us; we should force our pride to submit to making reparation for them, and study, with all our power, to keep ourselves from the same failings, in future. But I wish to know what could have led you to commit this outrage against poor John: Had he offended you?

E. Yes, papa; or at least I thought he had. I was playing with my popgun, and made aim at

his face with some peas which I had put in it. "Have done, Master Edward," cried he, "or I will tell your papa of you." And I was so provoked with him, for threatening me, that I called him that name.

Mr. B. It was by design, then, that you endeavored to mortify him?

E. I cannot deny that, papa.

Mr. B. This, then, is what adds to your fault; and this, I suppose, drew the tears from his eyes.

E. O, papa! if you will give me leave, I will run to him directly, and make my peace; I shall not be easy, now, till I have obtained his pardon.

Mr. B. Go, then, my dear: not a moment should ever be lost in fulfilling our duty. I will wait for you here.

Edward ran out, and soon after returned with a look of much satisfaction, and said, "Now, papa, I am quite happy again. Old John has forgiven me with all his heart. O! I do not believe I shall ever do such a bad thing as this again!

Mr. B. May God keep you from it! but, without his aid, you cannot promise yourself any firmness of resolution.

E. And what ought I to do, that God may keep me from it?

Mr. B. You must pray to Him, to guide and assist you, and He will not refuse you.

E. I will pray to Him, then, from the bottom of my heart. But, papa, there is one other thing which I have done, without asking your leave, and perhaps it may make you angry.

Mr. B. What is it?

E. I have been giving old John that silver dollar of which you made me a present at my birthday.

Mr. B. And why should I be angry? On the contrary, I am pleased that you should do a good action of your own accord, and without any injunction. You may always dispose as you like of what money I give you. It is your own. You could not have made a better use of my present. A prudent generosity can never be practised too early. Did it not make old John very happy?

E. Yes, he cried for joy; and I felt myself quite glad to see it.

Mr. B. I am pleased that you had that feeling, my son. A good heart must always delight in having had power to soften the sufferings of a fellow-creature. The exercise of every virtue is an incitement to joy; but there is none which inspires so sweet or so lasting a satisfaction, as beneficence.

E. If ever I should have a fortune of my own, I am resolved to give all the help I can to those whom I see in distress.

Mr. B. And the last prayer, my son, that I shall offer up to God, will be, that He may strengthen you in the performance of this design, and join, to the inclination, the means that may enable you to fulfil it.

E. And will it always make me as happy, papa, as it has done to-day?

Mr. B. It is, perhaps, the only pleasure which

never grows weaker. Let your chief attention be to enjoy it in your own family. If your servants are worthy people, you may better secure their attachment to you by good offices, than by money. Not, however, that you should neglect, from time to time, making them some little presents; and if you are careful to give them at proper seasons, and with a good grace, you may insure yourself a friend in every domestic in your house.

E. Why, papa, have not they their wages?

Mr. B. Their wages are merely the pay for their work: but a present is a matter of favor, and will not only excite their gratitude, but induce them to go beyond what is actually their duty, in serving you.

E. I do not quite understand you, papa.

Mr. B. I will explain myself, then, by the instance of old John. I give him his wages, his clothes, and his food, in return for his time, his labor, and his services: but when he has given me his time, his labor, and his services, is he not out of my debt? Does he owe me any thing more? Nevertheless, you well know he takes care of every thing in my house; that he has made himself superintendent over the rest of the servants; and that he frequently saves me from losses and imposition. And this he does purely from personal regard to me, without any particular order from myself, and merely in gratitude for the kindnesses he has received from me, and the presents which I have occasionally made him.

When you are old enough to mix in the world, you will hear complaints of the ingratitude and carelessness of servants, wherever you go. But believe me, Edward, the fault is generally in the masters, who seem almost always more desirous to be feared than to be loved.

E. Now I understand you, papa; and when I am a man, I shall endeavor to follow your advice and your example.

Mr. B. You will never have any reason to repent it. I inherited them, myself, from my own father, and I shall never forget what he said to me upon this subject.

E. O, papa! if it would not tire you, how I should like to hear what it was!

Mr. B. I will tell it you, with pleasure, both as a recompense for your repentance, and your generosity to honest John.

"Captain Ford, a brave officer, who had retired from service, lived upon his own estate, with an excellent wife, and five children, who were every one of them worthy of such parents. All the inhabitants of the neighboring villages felt the utmost respect for them; and the perfect harmony, which reigned in the whole family, made the sight of it pleasant, and even affecting, to all beholders. The sweetness of Captain Ford's disposition, joined to the order and decorum preserved throughout his house, insured to him the good-will and admiration of whoever had the happiness of knowing him. All the young lads, who lived near his estate, were eager to enter into his

service; and whenever there was a vacancy in his household, by the death or discharge of any domestic, the place was instantly sought, as if it had been an employment of high honor. Cheerfulness and content were marked upon the countenances of all who belonged to him. They seemed but like humble and dutiful children, waiting upon their father. His commands were always so just and so easy, that no one had even a wish to disobey them. They lived together in as strict a union, as if they had been brothers: or, if they had ever any dispute, it was but of zeal for the service of their master, and of regard for his interest.

"Mr. Fenwick, an old comrade of Captain Ford, who had likewise retired to the country, though at a great distance from the estate of his friend, made him a visit one day, as he was passing near his house, in his way to the capital. After various other subjects, the conversation fell upon the many difficulties and inconveniences of housekeeping. Mr. Fenwick declared that watching and superintending servants was the greatest of all fatigues; and that he had never met with any, who were not insolent, lazy, or careless of their master's concerns.

"'I have no such complaints,' said Captain Ford, 'to make of mine. I have not, for ten years past, had one serious subject of displeasure in my own house. I am quite satisfied with my servants, and they seem equally satisfied with me.'

"'You have been uncommonly fortunate, then,' answered Mr. Fenwick; 'and you must certainly have learnt some secret, first of making servants good, and then of keeping them so.'

"'The secret,' answered Captain Ford, 'is a very simple one, and I will show it to you.' He then brought forth a strong box.

"'What does this mean?' cried Mr. Fenwick.

"Captain Ford, without making any reply, opened the box; and he then saw six drawers, with these inscriptions: *Extra expenses.—My own.—My wife's.—My children's.—Servants' wages.—Gratuities.* 'As I have always a year's income beforehand,' Captain Ford now answered, 'I divide it into six parts, at the beginning of every twelvemonth. In the first drawer, I put a certain sum, to be strictly reserved for unexpected demands and occasions. In the second, is what I allow for my own private purse. The third contains what is necessary for housekeeping, and my wife's pinmoney. The fourth, all that the education of my children, which is the best I can give them, ought to cost me. The fifth, the servants' wages. And the sixth, what I think proper to dispense in presents and gratuities to them. It is to this last drawer that I owe the happiness of never having a bad servant. Their wages are only for what their service makes their due; but the little gifts, which I occasionally distribute among them, are for good offices not included in their actual duty, but which their personal affection for me leads them to do, beyond either my orders or expectations.'"

Edward thanked his father for this interesting story, and said he hoped he should always remember it and profit by it.

"It will be well for you, if you do so," said Mr. Bellamy; "for I can assure you, that I owe much of my happiness, through life, to pursuing the same course with Captain Ford. And I have no reason to complain of my servants, nor, if I may judge by their willingness to remain in my employment, have they any cause to find fault with me."

ALEXIS ;

OR, THE INSTRUCTIVE DISAPPOINTMENT.

On one of those beautiful mornings which the month of June frequently affords, Alexis had made himself ready to accompany his father upon a party of pleasure, which had occupied all his hopes and thoughts for several days before. Contrary to his usual custom, he had risen very early, this morning, to hasten the preparations for his expedition, so much was his mind bent upon it.

It often happens, however, to young people in particular, that they suddenly lose the object, of which they flattered themselves they were almost in possession. So it fared with Alexis, on this occasion; for, just at the instant when he fancied he had arrived at the accomplishment of his expectations, and they were about to set out, the

sky became dark, the clouds thickened and grew black, and a tempestuous wind beat down the branches of the trees, and blew up the dust in whirlwinds.

Alexis ran continually into the garden, to examine the sky; and then ran up stairs, three steps at a time, to consult the barometer: but neither the sky nor the barometer seemed to promise the accomplishment of his wishes. Nevertheless, he scrupled not to assure his father that they might go in safety; that all these gloomy threats would disperse in a few moments; that the weather would be finer than before; and that they ought to set out, without losing another moment.

Mr. Pierson, however, who had no blind confidence in the foresight of his son, thought it wiser to wait a little longer: and, soon after, the clouds burst asunder, and a torrent of rain fell upon the earth. Alexis then, ashamed as well as grieved, burst into a flood of tears, and refused to listen to any consolation.

The rain continued, without intermission, till three o'clock in the afternoon; when the clouds dispersed, the sun recovered his splendor, the sky its serenity, and all Nature seemed restored to the freshness of Spring. As the weather brightened, so did the countenance of Alexis; and by degrees he recovered his good humor.

His father now took him out into the fields, to indulge him with a walk. The calmness of the air, the warbling of the birds, the beauty of the meadows, and the sweet perfumes breathing every

where around him, soon brought back peace and good humor into his bosom.

"Do you observe," said his father, "how delightful a change has just been made in every thing before you? You cannot have forgotten how gloomy every thing lately appeared, and which so much saddened us: the earth, you may remember, was parched, and opened in wide gaps from the long drought: the flowers lost their sweet smell, and bent their drooping heads; all vegetation seemed at an end. To what must we attribute this sudden renewal of the beauties of Nature?"

"To the rain we have had to-day, papa," answered Alexis: and, in pronouncing these words, he was instantly struck with the folly of his behavior, and the injustice of his repining at what had evidently been so serviceable. He blushed, and his father judged that his own reflections would suffice to teach him, for the future, to sacrifice, without murmuring, his personal gratification for the general good.

THE SECRET OF PLEASURE.

"I wish I might do nothing but play, all day long, mamma," cried little Laura to Mrs. Draper, her mother.

Mrs. Draper. What! nothing else for the whole day?

Laura. Yes mamma, nothing else at all.

Mrs. D. I have no desire but to make you happy, my love; but I am sure playing so long will only tire you.

L. Playing tire me! mamma. O, no! indeed! you shall see if it will.

Mrs. D. You have my permission, then, my dear, to play all this day.

Laura then, jumping at every other step, flew in search of her playthings. She soon gathered them together: but she was quite alone, as her sisters were employed in studying their lessons, till dinner-time.

She enjoyed her liberty, at first, with all possible spirit, and, for one whole hour, seemed perfectly happy: but, after that, she began to grow weary, and every moment took from her some portion of her pleasure.

She had already looked at all her playthings, one after another, a hundred times; and now, she knew not what to do next. Even her favorite doll displeased and tired her.

She went to her mamma, and begged that she would tell her of some new amusement, and play with her a little, herself; but Mrs. Draper was engaged in settling some affairs of importance; and was therefore forced to refuse Laura's request, however unwillingly.

The little girl then seated herself, mournfully, in a corner, where, uncomfortable and yawning, she waited till her sisters had finished their lessons, and were allowed to find entertainment for themselves.

This time at last arrived. Laura ran up to them, and, in a doleful voice, told them how long the morning had seemed to her, and how impatient she had been for their coming.

They now made choice of their favorite plays, in order to raise the spirits of their little sister, who was tenderly beloved by them all.

But, alas! their kindness was in vain. Laura declared she was quite sick of all these plays, already, and that they did not give her the least pleasure; and added, she believed they were all in a plot against her, not to choose any game that she liked.

Adelaide, her eldest sister, who was about ten years of age, and very sensible and reasonable, now took her by the hand, and said to her, with great sweetness, "Look at us all, Laura, one after another, as we stand here together; and then I will tell you who among us, it is, that occasions your discontent."

L. And who is it, sister? for I am sure I cannot find out.

Adelaide. That is only because you have not looked at yourself. Yes, my dear Laura, it is nobody but yourself; you see, very well, that these plays still amuse us, notwithstanding we have played at them so often, and that even before you were born. But we have just come from our tasks, which makes every thing seem new to us. If you had earned your pleasure, as we have, by working, you would find it as sweet as we do.

Laura, child as she was, did not want for understanding, and she was much struck by her sister's discourse. It taught her, that, to be really happy, it was necessary to mingle useful exercises with pleasant diversions. And I know not whether, since that time, she would not have had a greater dread of a whole day of mere pleasure, than of one filled up with every employment, such as was suited to her age.

THE STRAWBERRIES AND CURRANTS;

OR, TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

Mr. Robinson had often told his two sons, Archibald and Percival, that children know little or nothing of what is suitable for them, and that they can never grow wise, but by following the counsel of those who are older than themselves. But this was a lesson which Archibald was unwilling to understand, or else which he did not remember. Percival, on the contrary, not only recollected his father's instructions, but endeavored to profit by and practise upon them.

Their kind and indulgent parent had allotted to these two boys a convenient piece of ground, and divided it, so that each should have a little garden at his own disposal, in the cultivation of which he might display his knowledge and industry. They had likewise full permission to sow or plant whatever they pleased, and to take up from their

father's garden, and transplant in their own ground, any tree, or root, which they liked.

Percival, as we have said, recollected his father's instructions. He went, therefore, to consult the gardener, and said to him, "Robert, be so good as to tell me what I can plant in my little garden, and how I must manage, to make things grow in it."

Robert gave him some roots, and picked out for him some of his best seeds, such as were adapted to the season. Percival ran to put them in the ground; and Robert very kindly not only overlooked and directed his proceedings, but assisted him in the work, and gave him some useful instructions how to manage them afterwards.

Archibald only shrugged his shoulders at the industry of his brother, thinking he was taking more pains than was necessary.

"Should you like," said the gardener, "that I should do something also for you?"

"O! to be sure," cried Archibald, "I have great need of your advice! But I think I can get along without your aid."

He then went by himself into his father's gargen, and gathered some flowers, and planted them in the ground; while Robert left him wholly to himself.

The next morning, Archibald went to visit his flowers, and saw them all drooping, withered, faded, and bending down to the earth. He instantly, however, planted more; but he saw, the next day, that they had shared the same fate.

This was a matter of great vexation to him, and he soon grew weary of this sort of work. It was paying rather too dear, to take so much pains for the pleasure of having flowers in his garden. He ceased, therefore, to take any further trouble with it, and the ground was quickly covered with thistles and weeds.

About the latter end of the Spring, as he was looking at his brother's garden, he saw something of a deep red color, suspended near the ground, and which seemed budding in the midst of thick clusters of green. He went to examine it; and found some of the finest strawberries, beautiful in their color, and delicious in their flavor. "O dear!" cried he, "I, too, should have planted some of these in my garden?"

Not long after, walking again in his brother's garden, he observed some little round berries, some of a whitish color, and others of a deep vermilion, hanging in clusters, from the branches of a thick bush. He instantly went up to them. They were currants, so fine, ripe, and inviting, that only to look at them might create an appetite.

"Ah!" cried he again," I should have planted some of these, too, in my garden!"

"You may eat of them, as if they were entirely your own," said his brother.

"It was in your own power," said the gardener, "to have had some equally good. So pray take care, for the future, not to despise the advice of people, who have more knowledge

than yourself; since you will find, by experience, that *two heads are better than one.*"

BUTTERFLY, PRETTY BUTTERFLY.

BUTTERFLY! pretty butterfly! come and rest on this flower, which I hold in my hand!

Whither goest thou? little simpleton! Seest thou not that hungry bird which is watching thee? His beak is sharpened, and already open to devour thee. Come, then! come hither! he will be afraid of me, and he will not then dare to approach thee.

Butterfly! pretty butterfly! come and rest on this flower, which I hold in my hand!

I will not pull off thy wings, nor torment thee: no! no! no! thou art little and helpless, like myself. I only wish to look at thee, nearer. I wish to see thy little head, and to examine thy long body, and thy spread wings, mottled and speckled with a thousand different colors.

Butterfly! pretty butterfly! come and rest on this flower, which I hold in my hand!

I will not keep thee, long; I know that thou hast not long to live. When the Summer is over, thou wilt be no more; and I shall only then be six years old.

Butterfly! pretty butterfly! come and rest on this flower, that I hold in my hand!

Thou hast not a moment to lose, from enjoy-

ing thy short life; but thou mayest feed and regale thyself all the time that I look at thee.

THE TWO APPLE-TREES;

OR, THE CONTRAST BETWEEN INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.

In a village at no great distance from the metropolis, lived a wealthy husbandman, who had two sons, Moses and Edmund, of whom the former was exactly a year older than the latter.

On the day that his second son was born, he had set in his orchard two young apple-trees, of an equal size, on which he had since bestowed the same care, and which had thriven so much alike, that nobody could give the preference to either of them before the other.

As soon as the children were capable of handling garden-tools, their father took them, one fine day, early in the Spring, to see the two trees which he had planted for them, and called after their names. Moses and Edmund having much admired the beauty of these trees, their fine growth, and the number of blossoms which covered them, their father said to them "You see, children, these trees are in good condition, and I now give them to you. They will thrive as much by your care as they will lose by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you, in proportion to your labor."

Edmund, though the youngest, was indefatigable in his attention to his tree. He was all day busy in clearing it of insects, that would have hurt it, and he propped up its branches, to hinder them from having an unhandsome bend. He loosened the earth all round it, that the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the dews might nourish its roots. His mother had hardly tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he did his young apple-tree.

His brother Moses, however, pursued a very different course. He loitered away his time in the most idle and mischievous manner; one of his principal amusements being to sit on a hill near by, and throw stones from it at passengers in the road. He kept company with all the idle boys in the neighborhood, with whom he was continually fighting, so that he was seldom seen without bruised limbs and black eyes, from the blows and kicks that he received in his quarrels. His tree was neglected, and never once thought of, till one day in the Autumn, when he happened to see Edmund's tree so loaded with the finest apples, streaked with purple and gold, that, had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

Struck with the sight of so fine a crop, he ran to his own tree, expecting to find it as well loaded as his brother's; but what was his surprise, when he saw nothing but branches covered with moss, and a few yellow leaves! Quite angry and jealous,

he went to his father, and said, "Father, what sort of a tree is this that you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick, and I shall not have ten apples on it. But my brother!—O! you have used him better. Bid him share his apples with me.

"Share with you?" said his father: "so the industrious would lose his labor, to feed the idle. If your tree has produced you nothing, it is the just reward of your negligence, since you see what the industry of your brother has gained for him. Do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his. It bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil; but it has not had the same usage. Edmund has kept his tree clear from even the smallest insects; while you have suffered them to eat up even your very buds. As I cannot bear to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I must take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. I shall give it to your brother, whose care and attention may recover it; and it is his property, from this moment, as well as the fruit that he shall make it bear. You may go and look for another in my nursery, and rear it, if you will, to make amends for your fault; but if you neglect it, that, too, shall belong to your brother, for assisting me in my labor, and as a reward for his superior industry and attention.

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence,

and the wisdom of his design. He went that moment to the nursery, and chose the most thriving young apple-tree that he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it, and Moses did not lose a moment. He was never out of humor, now, with his comrades, and still less with himself, for he applied cheerfully to work, and in Autumn he saw his tree fully answer his hopes.

From this happy change in conduct he derived the double advantage, not only of enriching himself with a plentiful growth of fruit, but, at the same time, of getting rid of the vicious habits which he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with his reformation, that the next year he gave to him and his brother a small orchard, the produce of which was shared equally between them.

NARCISSUS AND HIPPOLYTUS ;

OR, A RATIONAL EDUCATION PREFERABLE TO RICHES.

Narcissus and Hippolytus were nearly of the same age, and loved each other from their earliest childhood. As their parents were near neighbors, they had opportunities of being together every day. Mr. Chambers, the father of Narcissus, had an employment under government, the profits of which were very great: but the father of Hippolytus, Mr. Lenox, possessed only a

moderate fortune, on which, however, he lived contentedly and all his views aimed at making his son happy, by the advantages of a well-directed education, which he thought would prove of more advantage to him than great riches. To obtain this end, he made choice of means the most worthy of his prudence.

Hippolytus, at nine years of age, was accustomed to bodily exercise, and his understanding was enriched with many useful acquirements. Being constantly in exercise and motion, he was healthy and robust. Always contented and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a tranquil cheerfulness, that communicated its influence to those who had the happiness of being in his company.

His little neighbor, Narcissus, was one who felt this happiness; for the moment that Hippolytus left him, he was quite at a loss for amusement; and in order to fill up his time, he was continually eating, without being hungry, drinking, without being dry, and slumbering, without being sleepy. So that scarcely a day passed, but he was troubled with pains in the stomach or violent headaches.

Mr. Chambers, as well as Mr. Lenox, ardently desired his son's happiness; but, to procure it, he had unfortunately taken means which were quite opposite to his end. Narcissus, from the cradle, had been brought up with the utmost delicacy. He had a servant always behind him, to hand him a chair, whenever he was desirous of

changing his seat. He was dressed and undressed by others, as if he had not had the use of his hands. It seemed as if all those who were about him only breathed for him, and that he could not help himself even to live.

While Hippolytus, in a thin linen jacket, helped his father to cultivate a little garden for his amusement, Narcissus, in a rich velvet coat, was lolling in a chariot, paying morning visits with his mamma. If he ever went abroad to take the air, and alighted out of the carriage but for a moment, they took particular care to put on his great-coat, and a handkerchief round his head, lest he should catch cold. Accustomed, as he was, to be humored in his slightest fancies, he wished for every thing that he saw; but this wish lasted only for a moment; and the more troublesome it was, to procure him what he wished, the sooner he was tired of it.

To spare him the smallest subject of ill-humor, his mother had ordered all the servants to obey him, with implicit submission, and to respect even his follies; and this ill-judged indulgence made him so whimsical and imperious, that every body in the house, excepting his parents, hated and despised him. Hippolytus was the only person that loved him, and could patiently put up with his humors. He knew how to manage his temper, and could even make him good-humored, like himself.

"How do you contrive to always be so merry?" said Mr. Chambers to him, one day. "I

do not well know, sir, answered he. It comes of itself. But my father tells me, that one is never perfectly happy, without mixing some kind of employment with one's play. And I have observed it, too, whenever any strangers come to our house, and we quit our work to entertain them, I never find my time hang heavy, but on such days. It is this mixture of exercise and amusement that keeps me always in good health. I fear neither the winds nor the rain; neither the heat of the day nor the cold of the evening; and I have almost dug up a whole plat in my garden, before Narcissus has quitted his bed of a morning."

Mr. Chambers felt the propriety of such a course, and a sigh escaped him. That very day, he went to consult Mr. Lenox how he should act, in order to make his son as healthy and as cheerful as Hippolytus. Mr. Lenox took pleasure in answering his questions, and laid before him the plan that he had followed. "The powers of the body and of the mind," said he, "should be equally kept in exercise, unless they are meant to be unserviceable, as money buried in the ground would be, even to its owner. Nothing can be imagined, more prejudical to the health and happiness of children, than using them to excessive delicacy; and, under the idea of pleasing them, to give way to their whimsical and obstinate humors. To what vexatious disappointments will not a man be exposed, who has been accustomed, from his childhood, to see even his follies flattered; since of all the warmest wishes of his

heart, he may happen to see scarcely one accomplished; and thus be led basely to murmur against his destiny, when he should, for the most part, thank heaven for rejecting his infatuated desires!" He added, with tokens of heart-felt satisfaction, "I have however reason to believe, that Hippolytus will certainly never be that unhappy person."

Mr. Chambers was struck with this discourse, and resolved to conduct his son to happiness by the same way. But alas! it was now too late. Narcissus was fourteen years old, and his mind, so long enervated, could not bear any exertion, though ever so little fatiguing. His mother, as weak as himself, entreated her husband not to tease their darling, and he, wearied with these entreaties, dropped the sensible design which he had formed; and the darling sunk more and more into habits of pernicious effeminacy. Thus the strength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance.

At length, when he had attained the age of seventeen, his parents sent him to the university, intending him, afterwards, for the study of the law; and Hippolytus, being destined for the same profession, accompanied his young friend. I had forgotten to mention that Hippolytus, in his different studies and acquirements, had never had any other instructer than his father, whereas Narcissus had had as many masters as there are different accomplishments to acquire; but he remembered little, except a few of the terms used by each of them, though he recollected these

tolerably well. But this was all the fruit of his studies.

The understanding of Hippolytus, on the contrary, was like a garden, whose airy situation every where admits the kindly rays of the sun, and in which every seed, by a judicious cultivation, comes rapidly to the growth. Already well instructed, he earnestly desired fresh knowledge. His diligence and good behavior afforded a pattern for imitation to his companions. His mild temper, his lively apprehension, and joyous humor, made his company strongly attracting. Every one loved him, and every one wished to be his friend.

Narcissus, at first, was happy to be in the same room with Hippolytus. But very soon, his pride, mortified by the esteem that his friend had acquired, would not suffer him to be longer a witness to it, and he therefore separated from him, upon some frivolous pretence.

Being now left to himself, and his own vitiated taste, he sighed for pleasure, and thoughtlessly snatched at whatever seemed to offer her deceitful image to his view. I shall not attempt to describe to you, how often he blushed for himself, and how, from one imprudence to another, he fell, at last, into the grossest irregularities. It will suffice to inform you, that he returned to his father's house with the seeds of a mortal distemper in his bosom ; that he languished, six months, on a bed of pain, and expired in the greatest agonies.

Hippolytus came home to his parents, enriched with a treasure of learning and prudence, his departure from the university being regretted both by his teachers and his companions. With what transports of joy was he received by his family! You know not, my young readers, how pleasing are those tender parental feelings, which arise from the prospect of seeing their children beloved and respected; but you may know how sweet a thing it is, to make ourselves beloved by all who know us, and at the same time to feel ourselves worthy of this universal affection! The mother of Hippolytus thought herself the happiest of women; and tears of joy filled his father's eyes, whenever he beheld him.

Hippolytus had not been long at home, when a considerable employment in his profession was conferred upon him, with the unanimous approbation of all who knew his character. This enabled him to gratify his ardent desire of promoting the happiness of his friends; and he enjoyed their happiness as much as they did themselves. He was the comfort of his parents, too, in the evening of their lives; and he took pleasure in repaying with interest the attentions and care that they had showed for him in his childhood. An amiable wife, endowed with sense, beauty, and virtue, and children resembling himself, made his happiness complete. And whenever any man was mentioned, as being both happy and worthy to be so, the name of Hippolytus always occurred, first, to the thoughts of those who knew him.

In the characters of Narcissus and Hippolytus, my young readers may see the folly of early parental indulgence, and the fatal consequences of giving way to folly and vice, as well as the happy effect of a contrary conduct. Narcissus fell a victim to the early indulgence of his misguided parents, and his own misconduct; while Hippolytus, owing to the Divine blessing on the prudent management he received in his infancy, lived to be happy and respected, a comfort to his friends, and a blessing to all around him.

THE MAN WHO ROSE TO SUDDEN FORTUNE;

OR, THE DESTRUCTIVE CONSEQUENCES OF DISSIPATION AND LUXURY.

ONE fine evening, in the month of June, Mr. Russel, with his son Eugene, took a walk in some of the most agreeable environs of the city. The weather was mild, the sky clear, the air cool, and the purling streams and waving trees lulled the mind to an agreeable thoughtfulness.

Eugene, enchanted with the beauties of Nature that surrounded him, could not help exclaiming, What a lovely evening! He pressed his father's hand, and, looking up to him, said, "You know not, papa, what thoughts rise in my heart!" He was silent, for a moment; then, looking towards heaven, his eyes moistened with tears, "I thank

God," said he, "for the happy moments that He gives me to enjoy. O! that every one could taste the beauties of this evening, as I do! and that all mankind overflowed with joy, as I do at this moment! Were I a ruler over a large country, I would try to make all the people perfectly happy."

Mr. Russel embraced his son, and said, "My dear Eugene, the benevolent wish that you have just expressed comes from a heart as generous as it is humane. But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Are you certain, that you would preserve, in an exalted station, the sentiments which now animate you, in the condition in which Divine Providence has seen fit to place you?"

"Why do you ask that question, papa?" asked Eugene, with some surprise. "Cannot one become rich, without becoming cruel or wicked?"

"It does not always happen so, my dear," said Mr. Russel. "There are some fortunate persons who remember their past distresses, and in whom this reflection produces sentiments of charity towards the unfortunate. But, to the disgrace of the human heart, a change of fortune too often alters the most tender and sympathetic affections. While we are unfortunate ourselves, we think it a duty, incumbent upon all men, to relieve our sufferings. If the hand of God remove misfortune from us, we think all His intents, in the preservation of the universe, are answered; and we no longer remember those unfor-

tunate creatures, who remain in the abyss from which we have been rescued. We have an instance of this, in the man who sometimes comes to ask relief of me, and to whom I give with a reluctance that I cannot conquer, though I reproach myself for it."

"I have observed, papa," said Eugene, "how coolly you put your alms into his hand, without speaking to him in that tender language which you use to other poor people. What can be the reason?"

"I will tell you, my dear, what has been his conduct," said Mr. Russel, "and you may judge, for yourself, how far I do right. Mr. Mason was a linendraper in the city. Though the profits of his business were but moderate, a poor person never appeared at his door in vain. This he viewed as his greatest pleasure; and he considered himself happy to enjoy it, though he could not command even this, to the full extent of his wishes. Business calling him, one day, upon 'Change, he heard a number of the principal merchants talking together, of vast cargoes, and immense profits to be expected from them. 'Ah!' said he to himself, sighing, 'how happy are these people! Were I as rich, heaven knows, I should not be so for myself, alone, but the poor should partake of my abundance.'

"He went home, full of ambitious thoughts; but his income was too limited to enable him to fulfil his vast projects, as, with great economy, it was no more than sufficient to afford him a decent

subsistence. 'I shall always be at a stand here!' cried he, 'and never rise above this middling condition in which I linger at present.'

"A handbill, inviting adventurers to purchase in a lottery, was at this moment put into his hand. He seized the idea with eagerness, as if inspired by fortune; and, without minding the inconvenience, to which his covetousness might reduce him, he went to the lottery-office, and laid out twenty dollars, being all the money that he had in the world. From this moment, he waited for the drawing, with the greatest impatience; nor could he find repose even at night, on his pillow. He sometimes repented having so foolishly hazarded a stake, the loss of which he could not afford; but at other times he fancied that he saw riches falling down upon him, in showers. At length, the drawing began."

Eugene. Well, papa, did he get a prize?

Mr. Russell. Yes, twenty thousand dollars.

E. Ah! that would make him jump for joy.

Mr. Russel continued: "Having received his money, he spent several days in thinking of nothing else; but when his imagination had cooled a little, he began to think what use he should make of it. 'I can put this sum to a better use,' said he, 'than barely poring over it.' He therefore increased his stock, extended his dealings, and, by his activity and knowledge of trade, he soon doubled his capital. In less than ten years, he became one of the richest men in the city. It must be said, to his credit, that he had, till then,

been faithful to his vow, in making the poor partake of his abundance. At the sight of an unfortunate person, he remembered his own former condition, without being ashamed of it. And this recollection never failed to profit the person who occasioned it.

"As he now began, by degrees, to frequent fine company, he contracted a taste for luxury and dissipation. He purchased a magnificent country-house, with elegant gardens, and his life became a round of pleasures and amusements. He gratified the most extravagant whims, without scruple, but he soon perceived that they had made a considerable breach in his fortune; and his trade, which he had given up, in order to be quite at leisure to enjoy himself, no longer enabled him to repair it. Besides, a habit of indulgence, and his vanity and pride, would not suffer him to lessen his expenses. 'I shall always have enough for one,' thought he; 'let others provide for themselves.'

"His heart, hardened in this resolution, was thenceforth shut to the unfortunate. He heard the cries of misery around him, as one hears the tempest rage, when sheltered from its fury. Friends, whom he had till then supported, came to solicit him, for fresh relief. But he refused them, harshly. 'Have I made a fortune,' said he, 'only to squander it upon you? Do as I do; depend upon yourselves.'

"His unhappy mother, whom he had cut short of half the pension that he had allowed her, came

to beg for a shelter in a corner of his house, there to spend her few remaining days; but he had the barbarity to refuse her request, and, with the utmost indifference, beheld her perish through want. This crime, however, did not long remain unpunished. His dissipation very soon exhausted his wealth, and deprived him of the strength and ability necessary to support himself by trade. In short, he was reduced to the state of misery, in which you now see him. He begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and indignation to all honest people."

E. Ah! papa, since fortune can make men so wicked, I wish to remain as I am.

Mr. R. My dear Eugene, I wish the same, for the sake of your happiness; but, if heaven destines you to a more exalted station, I hope you will never forfeit the nobleness and generosity of your soul. Think, often, of the story which I have just told you. Learn, from this example, that we can never enjoy true happiness, unless we feel for the misfortunes of others; that it is the rich man's duty to comfort the sorrows, and relieve the distresses, of the poor; and that he derives more true happiness from the performance of this duty, than from all his pomp and luxury.

The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon, and his parting beams threw a lively glow upon the clouds, which seemed to form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freshened by the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm, and the birds, in repeating their farewell songs,

rallied all their powers of melody. The winds, rustling among the trees, mingled a gentle murmur with the concert, and every thing seemed to inspire sentiments of joy and happiness. Eugene and his father returned home, with thoughtful and pensive steps.

A COMPETENCE IS BEST.

Mr. Draper had not received a very large inheritance from his parents; but he was not without the happy secret of conforming his desires to what he possessed; and, notwithstanding he was frequently obliged to go without some conveniences and comforts, which others could command, by means of their abundance, never did one envious thought disturb his equanimity of temper. He had never suffered but one affliction, of great magnitude; and that was the loss of an affectionate and virtuous wife, torn from his embraces by death, and leaving to his care a charming little fellow, named Leonard, an only child, who remained to console him; and the education of whom was the single object of his study and attention.

Leonard was endowed by Nature with a very strong imagination; and by this, his father had found out the happy secret of improving his reason, at a very early age, by exhibiting before him every object in its real point of view, of which he had beforehand only given him an idea. By a

series of strong images, arranged in order, and selected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had already enabled him to make many accurate and deep reflections.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wished particularly to instil into his son those principles, to which he himself owed the calm of his condition, and the peace within his breast. Often would he whisper to himself, "If I can but accustom my son to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out the folly of placing any value upon what he cannot hope to get, I shall have contributed more to the happiness of his manhood, than by leaving him a fortune, in gold and silver."

Frequently occupied with this important subject, he thought proper, one evening, to accompany his son to a public garden,* for the first time in his life.

Immediately on entering, Leonard suddenly was struck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-ordered disposition of the walks, the crowd of elegantly-dressed men and women, who were in them, the incessant motion of the multitude, the hum of their discourse, and the noise of the cascade, all joined to interest him; and his eye took in, at one view, a thousand objects. His father seeing him engrossed in thought, conducted him to a part of the garden which was

* Such gardens are common in some large cities.

more retired from public observation, that his senses, which were too much occupied by such a crowd of images, might be in some degree at rest. Soon after, they partook of some refreshments, and Leonard, having satisfied his appetite and palate, thus addressed his father:

"How extremely happy every one here present seems! I should like, papa, if we had such a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door? And all those ladies and gentlemen that pass us,—how well dressed they are! I should be glad to know why we must live so savingly, when others in the world indulge themselves with every thing they desire. I begin, papa, believe me, now to see how poor you are. But why are so many around us rich? They are not better people, sure, than you, papa."

"You speak exactly like a child," replied his father. "*You begin to see how poor I am!* For my part, I can tell you I am quite rich."

"And where, then, are your riches?" said Leonard.

"I have a garden much larger than this," replied Mr. Draper.

"A garden!" exclaimed Leonard; "you, papa! I should be glad to see it."

"When we go into the country," said Mr. Draper, "you shall see it."

They went, very soon, it being now the season for its pleasures: and the very day of their arrival at the country-house, not far from the city,

Mr. Draper took his son, and led him to a hill, whence the eye commanded an extensive prospect. On the right, was seen a spacious forest, whose extremities seemed lost in the horizon. On the left, appeared a beauteous mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vast fields, quite covered with the promise of a plenteous harvest. Close below the hill, was stretched a valley, watered, in its whole extent, with a thousand little rills; and all this landscape was in motion. There were fishermen, in one part, busy with their nets; and husbandmen, in another, employed in gathering fruits and herbs; and sportsmen, with their clamorous beagles, urging the swift stag; and shepherds, watching by their flocks, or playing near them in the shade; and reapers, carting their last sheaves, and dancing all the way before them, while proceeding homeward. This delightful picture captivated Mr. Draper and his son, who, for a time, kept silence, until the child began the following conversation:

"When, papa, shall we reach your garden?"

Mr. Draper. We are at it, now, my child.

Leonard. But this is not a garden: it is a hill.

Mr. D. Look around, as far as you can see; for this, I tell you, is my garden. Yonder forest, and these fields, are all my property.

L. Your property, papa? You are joking!

Mr. D. No, indeed, I am not. I will convince you, in an instant, I dispose of every thing around us, as the owner of it only can do.

L. It will delight me to be sure of that.

Mr. D. If you had all this country, what would you do with it?

L. What they do, who are possessed of an estate which is their own.

Mr. D. But what may that be?

L. In the first place, then, I would cut down a quantity of timber, and make firewood of it, to be used this Winter. In the next place, I would hunt, and catch venison. I would likewise sometimes fish, raise sheep, and oxen; and in harvest time gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. D. Why, you comprehend the matter, admirably, Leonard: and I am glad to find our notions are so alike. Well, whatever you would do, then, I already do; and I will convince you of it.

L. How, papa?

Mr. D. I say, then, in the first place, I have men who cut down for me, in this forest, all the wood for which I have occasion.

L. And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you!

Mr. D. And why not? because they have the forethought to prevent me. We have always a good fire below, and sometimes, too, up stairs. Well, then, I have the wood brought to me from the forest, to keep up those fires.

L. You have, indeed, the wood brought to you from this forest; but must pay for what you have.

Mr. D. If I were the person on whom you look as the real owner of this forest, should I not

be forced to pay for what I might have brought me from it, as I am at present ?

L. No, indeed, papa. It would be cut down for you, and sent in, without any cost on your part.

Mr. D. You believe so, do you ? On the other hand, I think the cost might be a great deal more, in that case, than at present ; for you will grant, if I possessed the forest, I must keep at least a woodman to cut down the trees for firewood.

L. Well, then ; pass over this : but can you hunt in this forest ?

Mr. D. And why, Leonard, should I hunt ?

L. To have, for instance, venison.

Mr. D. Could we two, then, entirely eat a buck or doe ourselves ?

L. We should have a charming appetite, to do so !

Mr. D. Well, then, as I cannot hunt, I send huntsmen in my place ; and very probably the venison you have seen hanging up in the market, where you remember you lately went with me to buy some, was hunted in this forest. I can therefore, without hunting venison, have as much as I think proper.

L. For your money !

Mr. D. Well ; and is it not a charming thing for me, that I can procure venison on these terms ? for I have no wages to pay to those who hunt it for me ; or, provided they should shoot it, I have, in that case, neither gun, nor ball, nor powder, to

supply them with: those various kinds of dogs the huntsman maintains, thank heaven! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

L. Are those cows, too, and sheep, that graze in yonder meadow, yours?

Mr. D. Yes, truly. Have you not fresh butter, every day? It is from those cows that I get it.

L. But, papa, if all these flocks, and all those little rivers, too, are yours, why have we not at dinner, every day, all sorts of meat and fish, as I am told other rich folks do?

Mr. D. Do they eat up every thing their servants set before them?

L. No: but they may choose at table any thing they like.

Mr. D. And as for me, I make my choice, before my victuals come to table. Every thing I want, I have. Superfluous things, it is true, I do not possess: but what benefit would they procure me, if I had them? I should want, in that case, a superfluous stomach, also.

L. Wealthy people make good cheer; but you, papa, I fancy, do not.

Mr. D. Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy, Leonard. I have a sauce that they seldom have, namely, a good appetite.

L. And have you, then, as much money as they have, to satisfy a thousand wishes?

Mr. D. Much more money: or at least, what is better, I have no wishes.

L. There is, however, I believe, much pleasure in satisfying them.

Mr. D. There is a hundred times more pleasure, my child, in being self-contented, as I am.

L. But does not God love the rich a great deal more than you, since He bestows upon them so much gold and silver?

Mr. D. Leonard, do you not recollect that wine, which we had on the table, last Wednesday, when your uncle came to dine and sup with us, and which you said was so delicious?

L. Yes, papa; you were so good, I well remember, as to give me half a glass-full of it.

Mr. D. But you wanted more. I might have given it to you, since you know the bottle had much left in it, even after supper: why, then, did I not oblige you, pray?

L. Because you were afraid it would make me ill.

Mr. D. I recollect I told you so: and do you not think I did right?

L. O! as for that, you did, indeed; I know you love me, and are always studying how to make me happy. So you would not have refused me such a trifle as a glass of wine, if you had thought it would have pleased me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. D. And can you think God loves you less than I do?

L. No, papa, I cannot, after what I have heard you so often say of His goodness.

Mr. D. On the other hand, do you believe he would have found it difficult to give you gold and silver in abundance?

L. No more difficult, than I should find it, to give any one a handful of the dust we tread on.

Mr. D. Well, then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to bestow these things on you, and does not bestow them, even though he loves you, what are you to think of his refusal?

L. That the riches I desire would be hurtful.

Mr. D. Are you perfectly convinced of this?

L. Yes, perfectly, and have not a word to say against it. Yet, papa—

Mr. D. Well; why thus shake your head? You have still some burden on your heart: what is it?

L. Notwithstanding all your reasonings, I can never bring myself to fancy all this country yours.

Mr. D. And why?

L. Because you cannot enjoy it as you please.

Mr. D. You know the famous Mr. Norton?

L. Do I know him? Why, that is he who has such charming gardens.

Mr. D. And can he enjoy those gardens as he pleases?

L. No, indeed: poor man! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes!

Mr. D. And yet you have seen some very fine ones in his garden.

L. That I have; but they would do him harm.

Mr. D. You see, then, one may easily possess a number of good things, and yet not dare to use them as he likes. I dare not use my gardens as I certainly should like, because my fortune will not let me; and this Mr. Norton dares not use

his garden as he likes, because his health will not allow him: so that I am much the happier.

L. But, papa, you love to ride on horseback, —do you not?

Mr. D. Yes; for it is an exercise that does me good, when I have time to take it.

L. Well, then, if these meadows are all yours, why do you not take the hay that grows upon them, and in future keep a horse?

Mr. D. Why, that is the very thing I do. And those same haycocks you see here, are possibly intended for the horse I ride.

L. And yet, I never saw one in your stable.

Mr. D. Heaven be praised, I am not at such a great expense.

L. Nor do you ride as frequently as you would like.

Mr. D. You mistake: for I am so prudent, that I never wish to ride, but when a ride would do me good, and then I get it for about half a dollar. God be praised! I am rich enough to pay that sum.

L. Do you not imagine it would be very charming, to have two fine horses, and be drawn about the country in a fashionable coach?

Mr. D. Agreeable enough: but when I think of all the inconvenience that attends a coach; how often one would want the harness-maker, smith, and wheelwright; how much one depends upon the health of horses, and the conduct of a coachman; and what risk one runs of being overset, together with the fatal consequences luxury too

frequently occasions;—truly, Leonard, I do not grieve that I am obliged to use my feet, that certainly will last me long enough. But see, the sun has set, and we must think of getting home, before the evening closes on us. Let me have your hand. Now, are you not quite pleased in having seen my great estate?

L. Ah! dear papa, I should be so, could I but be persuaded it were yours!

His father smiled at this reply; and they walked together down the hill. As it happened, they went by a meadow, which, at first, they thought was a pond, because it was quite covered with water. "Bless me!" cried Mr. Draper; "do you see this meadow, how it is overflowed? The neighboring river must have burst its bounds, and all the hay this year is spoiled."

L. I think the owner of the hay will not be very happy, when he hears of his loss.

Mr. D. No, no; nor yet is this the worst: he will be forced to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he will be very fortunate, if he does not spend, in these repairs, the produce of ten harvests of such a meadow.

L. O! what a misfortune!

Mr. D. But I thought there was a windmill near this.

L. And there is, papa. Look! there, before you.

Mr. D. Right; I see it now, but did not perceive it before, because I did not hear it going. I think it likely that the torrent, coming down,

has forced away the wheel-work. Let us go and see. Just so. It is broken to pieces! What will the poor owner do? He must be very rich, indeed, if he can suffer so many losses without being ruined.

L. O! I pity him, with all my heart! But, since the day is over, why, pray, are the bricklayers still at work?

Mr. D. I cannot tell why. We will ask one of them the reason. Pray, my friend, be so kind as to inform us why you work so late?

A Bricklayer. We shall be here all night. For yesterday, when it was dark, a gang of thieves pulled down the wall, that they might get into the park, and steal away the furniture that had been put into a new-built Summerhouse. The theft was not discovered until this morning; and indeed it is very fortunate that no one caught them in the act.

Mr. D. How so?

The Bricklayer. Because the thieves had previously disposed combustibles in such a way, as to set the Summerhouse on fire, if they had been disturbed in plundering: so that they might get away, assisted by the bustle and confusion such destruction would have caused. The owner of this ground, as you may judge, is therefore very happy, to think, that, whereas he might have seen his Summerhouse burnt down, now the affair will cost him no more than some slight reparation to his wall, the expense of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture in the

place of that which has been stolen, and which indeed had cost him much money.

"Well, Leonard," said Mr. Draper to his son, when they had walked a little way in silence, "what have you to say concerning these misfortunes? Do they not grieve you?"

"Why should I be sorry?" said Leonard; "I have suffered nothing by them."

Mr. D. But if this estate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if, when going out this morning, you had seen your meadow overflowed, your windmill broken to pieces, your park-wall demolished, and your Summerhouse broken open, would you have gone home as satisfied as you appear to be at present?

L. O! by no means, sir! I should, on the other hand, be miserable, having undergone so many heavy losses in a day.

Mr. D. But what if you had every day such losses to endure, or stand in fear of? Would you be as happy as at present?

F. No, sir: I should be a thousand times more miserable.

Mr. D. Well, then, Leonard, such is in reality the state of all, possessing great abundance. Without reckoning up the cares which agitate them, and their innumerable imaginary wants, the elevation of their fortune is too frequently the cause of its decay. A barren season, or a false step in the pursuit of their rapacious projects, is frequently sufficient to produce their ruin. As they fear the loss of their imaginary consequence, should they

resolve upon some sacrifices to their luxury and pride; the more distressing losses they undergo, they suppose they ought the more to make a sumptuous show, to keep up the appearance of their riches, and support a credit which already totters to its fall. What, then, is the effect of such a wretched sort of vanity? Their servants, cheated of their pay, introduce a sort of robbery through all the house. The improvement of their fortune and the education of their children being overlooked, their lands in some sort, as it were, lie fallow, or produce only a blighted harvest; and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedness, commit disgraceful actions, which are prevented from being made public by the necessary aid of money. All their property, when seized on by inexorable creditors, is in the end completely dissipated, or the law lays hold of what would otherwise be left them. And these favorites of fortune, once so proud of their abundance, elevated station, and enjoyments, fall at once into the gulf of indigence, opprobrium, and despair.

F. O! what a frightful picture is this, papa!

Mr. D. It is one, however, daily to be gazed at, in society; and be assured, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole design. I can at all times show you, in the public papers, the decay of some great family or other; and God's providence exposes these striking instances to the observation of the rich, that they may see what result is most likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning, we will go and see those

fine buildings, which now excite your envy, where you may read the ruin of too many families inscribed on every pillar around, until they are swallowed up in their own ruin. Why, alas! can I not spare your sensibility the cries of many desolate families, that are but too convincing tokens of such miserable revolutions!

F. What! then; should I look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a blessing meant us from above?

Mr. D. Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and industrious, and possess sufficient resolution to renounce ambition and the immoderate wish of getting money, to confine your desires, and to keep them within the limits of that state you fill. Do I want any thing to make me happy? And in reason, would you wish, in future, to be happier than your father is? Consider the whole universe as your estate; since, if you are but industrious, it will furnish you with a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has placed your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whose summit is extremely craggy, and its base choked with swamps. Lift up your eye, at intervals, upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their situations, but to think upon the storms that rage around them. Sometimes, too, look down upon the poor, beneath you, not by way of insult on their friendless situation, but to hold out your hand to them. If God should bless you with a family of children, let them often have the lesson I have just now taught you; but more particularly give to them,

in your life, the example which God's blessing has enabled me to furnish you.

By this time, they had reached home. The pious Mr. Draper went to his chamber, and there, falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for the blessings He had so freely bestowed upon him. His days had been replete with probity and honor; and by giving such a lesson on contentment to his son, he did what he was able to endow him with a valuable patrimony, such as could not be taken away from him.

THE ROSE-BUSH;

OR, THE REWARD OF GENEROSITY.

"WHO will give me some nice tree, for my garden?" said little Andrew, one day, to his brothers, William and Augustus, and his sister Annabella; their papa having given them each a small piece of ground, to sow or plant, as they thought proper.

"O! not I," said William and Augustus.

"Well, then, I will," answered Annabella. "Let me know what sort of trees you would like."

"A rose-bush!" cried Andrew. "Only look at mine: it is the only one I now have left; and the leaves, as you may see, are turned quite yellow."

"Come, then," said the lively Annabella; "come, and choose one for yourself." On saying which, she led him to a little spot of ground which she cultivated; and the moment they entered, pointing with her finger to a charming rose-bush, told him he had nothing else to do but take it up, immediately.

Andrew. How! sister! you have only two, and wish, besides, to give me the finest! No, no; here is the least, and just the one I want.

Annabella. You do not know how much pleasure I shall feel, if you will but take the other, Andrew. This may scarcely produce you any flowers, next Summer; but the other will, I am certain: and you know I shall be as much pleased with looking at it elsewhere, when full blown, as if it had remained in my garden.

Andrew, overjoyed, approached the rose-bush, took it up; and Annabella, much pleased, assisted in the transplantation.

It appears that the gardener noticed this kindness in the little girl; and he selected from a number of young pear-trees the one which he thought the finest, and immediately conveyed it into Annabella's garden, planting it exactly in the spot which the rose-bush had before occupied.

Those who have a churlish nature hardly ever are assiduous: therefore, when the Summer months were come, Augustus and his brother's rose-plants, never having been attended to, promised no great quantity of flowers; and, to increase their disappointment, the chief part of those they

thought were coming perished in the bud; while Andrew's rose-bush, on the other hand, in consequence of the great attention paid it by himself and Annabella, bore the finest damask roses of which the whole country could boast; and, as long as it remained in flower, the happy Andrew always had a rose to place in Annabella's bosom, and another for himself to smell.

The pear-tree also throve surprisingly: it scattered a delicious perfume over the garden, and soon grew so thick and lofty, as to yield a tolerable shade. Annabella used to take her seat beneath it, in the heat of the day, as her father also sometimes did, when he would tell her charming stories, and she was thus abundantly rewarded for her disinterestedness and generosity.

My young readers should learn from this little tale, that nothing is lost by a generous course of conduct, while, on the contrary, much may be gained by it.

Those who possess a churlish disposition are seldom beloved by their acquaintances; while generous persons are admired by all who know them.

GOOD ACTIONS SHOULD BE DONE IN A PROPER MANNER.

Mrs. Monval, and her daughters, Pauline and Eugenia.

Mrs. Monval. WHAT have you done with all your money, Eugenia?

Eugenia. I have given it away, mamma.

Mrs. M. Given it away, my child! and to whom?

E. A wicked little boy.

Mrs. M. To make him better, without doubt?

E. Yes! mamma. Pray, do not all the birds belong to God?

Mrs. M. Yes, as well as we ourselves, and every other creature.

E. Well! mamma; this wicked boy had stolen a bird from God, and was carrying it away to sell it. The poor bird cried out with all its strength; and the little thief was pinching its beak, to hinder it from crying. He was certainly afraid, mamma, that God would hear it cry, and punish him for his wickedness.

Mrs. M. And you, Eugenia?

E. Me, mamma? I gave the wicked boy all my money, that he might give God his bird back again. I believe God was very much pleased. (*She jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. M. He was, no doubt, pleased, to find my little Eugenia has so good a heart.

E. The boy, perhaps, was wicked, because he wanted money.

Mrs. M. I think so.

E. I am therefore glad I gave him mine; because, mamma, you know I do not need it.

Pauline. We have had a little dispute, mamma, upon this affair. Eugenia gave her money, without counting what it was, though, certainly, it would have paid for ten birds. I told her she should have first asked the boy, how much would satisfy him.

E. Which of us was right, mamma?

Mrs. M. Not you, my love.

E. But have you not taught me to do whatever good I can, without hesitating?

Mrs. M. I have often told you so, indeed; but then you should consider how to do it in the best way. To-day, for example, as you had more money than was necessary to deliver the poor little bird, you should have kept the rest for some other occasion. If other wicked boys had come in your way, as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, what would you have done?

E. Then, mamma, I would have come to you for more.

Mrs. M. And if I had none, myself?

E. Ah! so much the worse!

Mrs. M. You see, then, that Pauline gave you good advice. You are to save your money, not for yourself only, but also for others, so that you may do the most good with it. Did you sup-

pose, my dear, there was no other bird than this in the world, to which you might have given assistance?

E. Ah! I thought of no other, then. I wish, mamma, you had seen how much he seemed at first to suffer, and how glad he was, when I let him fly. He was quite giddy with joy, he knew not where to go, that he might clap his wings. However, dear mamma, the naughty boy gave me a promise, that he would never try a second time to catch it.

Mrs. M. You have done quite well, my daughter, and to reward you, here is more money.

E. O! mamma, I thank you.

Mrs. M. And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am, in being your mamma! With such an inclination as you have for doing good, you need but study how to do it with prudence, and you will be one of the happiest young persons in the world.

It is not enough to do well; it should be well done. This is a French proverb, the meaning of which is, that we must not only perform acts of kindness, but learn to do them in a proper manner, and with prudence. When young persons wish to do any good action, particularly when they are desirous of giving money for any purpose, they should ask the advice of their parents or older friends, in order that they may learn how to do it with most advantage to themselves and those whom they wish to benefit.

LITTLE GEORGE AND THE EGG.

NEAR the house of Mr. Gregory was a wood, composed of young and small trees, that stood very near to each other, and between which two or three paths had been made.

Mr. Gregory's son, George, who was quite a little boy, was very fond of walking in this wood; and one day, after sauntering up and down for some time, he became tired, and leaned his back against one of the trees, to rest himself. The tree, being small and slender, shook through all its branches, as soon as he touched it; and the rustling frightened a little bird from a neighboring bush, and caused it to fly to another part of the wood.

George was grieved to think he had disturbed the bird, and fixed his eyes upon the bush, in hopes of seeing the little warbler return. While he was attentively watching, he thought he saw something like a tuft of hay, at a spot where the branches seemed twisted together. His curiosity induced him to examine it; and he found that this tuft of hay was hollow, like a bowl. On putting aside the branches, he saw something like little balls within it, which were of an oval shape, and spotted. They were lying close beside each other, on something apparently very soft. "This," said George to himself, "must certainly be what I have heard people call a bird's nest, and the little balls must be eggs. They are, indeed, very small,

much smaller than the eggs of our hens; but then our hens are much larger than this bird."

At first, he thought he would carry away the nest; but, on reflection, contented himself with taking one egg, with which he instantly ran towards home. On the way, he met his sister, and said to her, "See this little egg! I found it in a nest. There were five others with it."

"Let me have it," said his sister. She examined it very attentively, and then returned it to her brother.

They then began to roll it up and down a table, just as if it were a ball. One pushed it one way, and the other a different way, till at last it rolled from the table, fell on the floor, and broke. They were now in great distress. They cried, and each accused the other as the cause of this great misfortune.

Their mother heard them crying; and, not knowing what was the matter, came to inquire. They both began at once to tell the cause of their sorrow; and after hearing them both, Mrs. Gregory took them affectionately by the hand, and led them to a verdant bank, upon which she bade them sit.

She then said to them, "My dear children, dry your tears, and listen to me. You have broken the egg between you; and though that is a great misfortune, it should not make you so unhappy, as you did not mean to break it. But I must, notwithstanding, blame you, George, for having robbed the poor bird of its egg. You must have

seen how the hen disposes of her eggs in a sort of nest. The mother sits upon, warms, and animates them. In about three weeks, chickens are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In a few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg, which you have just now broken, would also have become a chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bush, as you inform me, was probably the mother, who will come again, very shortly, to her nest, when she will perceive that one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. Birds frequently do this, when disturbed.

"Perhaps this loss of but a single egg will inform them that their asylum is discovered. They have every thing to be afraid of from our violence; they fear that when their little ones are hatched, he, who has already robbed them of one egg, will return, and seize upon their tender family. If, then, this nest which you have thus been robbing, for I cannot call it any thing but robbery, should be totally abandoned, tell me, would you not be sorry for it?"

"Yes, mamma, indeed," replied little George; "and I am now sorry I touched the egg. But then I did not know a syllable of what you have been telling us; and thought there was no harm in bringing it to show to my sister, which is all I meant to do."

"My little fellow, I can easily believe you," said Mrs. Gregory. "Should you do bad actions, for the pleasure some suppose there is in

doing them, you would have a very wicked heart, and I should be quite sorry I had such a son: but that I do not fear; for, on the other hand, I know you are a good and kind-hearted boy."

"Mamma," said the little girl, "the nest, out of which my brother took this egg, for I have seen it, does not in the least resemble those swallows' nests which we see under the eaves of our house roof."

"Henrietta," said Mrs. Gregory, "all nests are not alike, any more than all birds are alike; for some birds are great, and others, on the contrary, are small. Some are never known to perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and inactive, others small and full of industry and cunning. The plumage of some is beautiful, beyond description, having a great variety of colors; others are of one dull color. Some subsist on fruits, some feed on insects, and a multitude of others live by seizing smaller birds, and eating them."

"Oh the wicked creatures!" answered Henrietta. "I do not love these last, and should be glad to spoil their nests."

"So, too, would many others," said her mamma; "and therefore those great birds, which devour the smaller, construct their nests in places where people cannot easily come at them; as, for instance, in woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but very seldom; and at heights beyond our reach, however skilful we may be in climbing.

"Since, therefore, my dear children, these birds are greatly different from each other, not only in size, but also in their mode of living, and in the color and variety of their plumage, it is but reasonable that they should have nests, also, different from each other. Thus the lark, which never lives in any tree, but sings, as you have heard her, mounting in the air, builds her nest on the ground; the swallow builds about the roofs of houses, under what we call the eaves, and sometimes in the corners of windows; the owl, which flies abroad only in the night, seeks out deserted habitations, or some hollow tree, in which to put her eggs; and the eagle, one of which I showed you yesterday, chained, in Mr. Mason's court-yard, while others of his species fly above the clouds, till they are absolutely out of sight, hatches her young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks, or in other places equally difficult of access to man. Those living about us, and which so prettily sport in our sight, as they hop from branch to branch, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those that love the water, and who find their food therein, build among those rushes that grow near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

"One of these fine days we will go into the little valley at the end of our large meadow, where we shall see a number of these little creatures, busy in selecting the materials of which they compose their nests. You will observe one employed in carrying off a wheat straw; another will have

in his beak some wool, or feathers, or dried leaves; and, very probably, a third, some moss. You will see the swallow, by the border of a stream, moisten, with the water which he takes up in his beak, a little bit of earth, with which he builds his habitation. Such materials as are very coarse and solid, he will use to form the outside of his nest, but the inside is lined with the softest and the warmest. There are some birds who even pull out their own feathers, to make up a comfortable bed, on which their little ones may repose.

"Their nests are large or small, in proportion to the number of young birds they are to contain. Some hang up their nests, by a sort of thread, which they have the skill to form, of flax, of different sorts of weeds, and of the webs of spiders. Others place it in the middle of a soft and gluey substance, to which they carefully stick many feathers. All do every thing they can, to make their nests strong and solid, and secure themselves from every enemy of which they stand in fear, by resorting to retired and safe places.

"There they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, sit upon them, in the nest, with admirable perseverance. They are taught, by Nature, that the warmth proceeding from their bodies, when they sit upon those eggs, puts every thing within them in motion; and produces little creatures, which, at last, are strong enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

"You remember the fly which you saw last Winter, to appearance dead, but which, when

you took it in your hands, through the warmth proceeding from them, was brought to life. It is nearly the same with birds: the perseverance of the parents, in brooding upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

"When the mother is sitting, her mate is her constant attendant: he brings her victuals, and sits by, to please her with his music. When the little ones are hatched, the old ones help to release them from their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in this interesting office. They go far to get their food, of which they make an equal distribution, every one receiving, in its turn, what they have brought. As long as the little birds continue young and helpless, the old ones contrive to bring them such food as is suited to their delicacy, and when they have grown strong, they provide them more solid food.

"There is one very large bird, called a *pelican*, which, being forced to go a great distance in quest of food for her young ones, is provided with a sort of bag, which she fills with such things as she knows they love. She warms what she procures, and renders it, by such means, fitted for their tender stomachs; and then empties it before them.

"At this time, the parents appear as if forgetful that they want food themselves, and only think of their little family. On the approach of either rain or tempests, they hurry to their nest, and cover it, as well as they are able, with their

stretched wings, thus keeping out the wind and water that might hurt their infant brood. All night, too, they are busily employed in cherishing the little things. The most timid among them, that will fly away on hearing the slightest noise, and tremble at the least degree of danger, know not what fear is, when they have a family for which to care, but they then become courageous and intrepid. The common hen, for instance, as great a coward as she is, when by herself, becomes full of courage, and an example of intrepidity, when she has a young family to defend from danger. She will attack the largest dog, and will not even fear a man, who should attempt to take them from her.

"So, too, do the little birds endeavor to defend their young, when any one would steal or hurt them. When an enemy approaches, they will flutter round the nest, will seem to call out for assistance, will attack the invader, and pursue him. If their young be taken, and shut within a cage, they will continue to come regularly, and at all times, to feed them. Frequently, the mother will prefer confinement with them, to liberty without the pleasure of attending to them, and will never quit the little creatures."

"Poor dear birds!" cried out the children, "how we will in future love you! Never, for the time to come, depend upon it, will we be so cruel as to do you any harm. We will only look at your nests; we will be satisfied with gazing on you, while employed in the delightful task of tend-

ing on your young, and contemplate your little family, flying around their parents."

"Yes, dear children," said their mother, "thus it should be. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you for it. Never injure any creature, or occasion it the least degree of pain, for pleasure's sake, but endeavor, on all occasions, to contribute to their happiness."

Mrs. Gregory then embraced her dear children, who were well pleased with the information she had given them, and resolved, within themselves, to profit by it.

MAN IS BEST AS HE IS.

(*Mr. Lewis brings in a stuffed parrot, ascends a chair, and ties the bird to a cord which was hanging from the ceiling. He then says,*)

I BELIEVE that mischievous Frederic will not reach it at this height. One can scarcely keep any thing from such a meddling boy. (*He puts the chair in its place again, and goes out.*)

Frederic, (*entering a moment afterwards.*) Where has my father put our poor dead parrot? I saw it in his hand, when he came in here; but he went out without it. (*He looks about the apartment; and at last espies the parrot, hanging from the ceiling.*) Ah! there it is! (*He takes a run, and jumps with all his might, but cannot reach within three feet or more of the parrot.*) O! if I were only as active as our puss!

(*He draws a chair into the middle of the room, and stands upon it; but still finds himself too short. He stands on tiptoe, and jumps, but it is all in vain. He then descends from the chair, goes to a table, and procures a large book, which he puts upon the chair, stands on it, and holds out his hands.*) I shall never reach it. I should, however, have been pleased to see how he has been stuffed. Let me try another leap. (*At the moment he bends his knees to jump, Maurice enters the room, perceives him, and cries out,*)

O! now he will reach it! now he will reach it! ——I will defy you to do it, in a thousand leaps. A little piece of a man, like you, jump to that height! Come, descend, that I may get up. I shall not want your great book. Not I. (*He pulls him by the coat till he comes down. Maurice gets up in his stead, and lifts up both his hands, but the parrot is far out of his reach.*

F. (*In a burst of laughter.*) Ha! ha! By your boasting, I should have supposed you were at least as tall as the giants we have heard of.

M. If I get upon the book, I shall reach it. (*He stands upon the book, and is a little nearer the parrot, but yet not near enough to touch it. Frederic jumps about the chair, and laughs heartily.*) Well, it is not my fault, but that of your great book, which is not large enough. You see, nevertheless, if there had been a few more such books in the room, the parrot would have been mine.

F. I should certainly have had it first.

M. It is not that I care about it.

F. O, no! not more than the fox, in the fable, cared about the grapes! the parrot is perhaps *too green!* Is it not, brother?

M. I can see it very well, where it is.

F. (*Ironically.*) Yes! it is in the right point of view! But, Maurice, I do not think there is much difference between us, in height, at least, though you are three years older than I am.

M. See the vanity of the little creature! Perhaps you would like to measure with me?

F. Yes. (*They put themselves shoulder to shoulder, in front of the lookingglass, and extend their limbs as much as they are able. Frederic stands on tiptoe. Maurice, surprised that he appears of his height, looks down, and perceives his deceit.*)

M. Ah! you rogue! I believe so, if that is the way you cheat. Put your heels down to the floor.

(*Frederic now appears much shorter than his brother, and says, with some ill-humor,*)

It is very inconvenient to be so short!

(*Mr. Lewis comes in at this moment, and says,*)

Because you cannot reach the parrot, is it not so, Frederic?

F. You have then seen us trying, papa?

Mr. L. No: but your feet have written it on the cover of my book.

M. If we had been as tall as you, papa, we could have seen our poor parrot much better.

Mr. L. Yes, and if it had been possible, have tormented him as much, now he is dead, as you

did while he was living. And yet you are tall enough for mischief.

M. O! what pleasure we should have, papa, if we were as tall as you!

Mr. L. I know you; you would not, even then, be contented.

M. It is true, I would much rather be as tall as—what do you call him, there?—the giant, who came to town to show himself for money.

F. The giant, indeed! while we are wishing, and it costs nothing, we need not stop. You know our tallest cherry-tree? Well, I would be as tall as that.

Mr. L. And why so?

F. Because I should not want a ladder, nor a pole, when the cherries were ripe. Think, brother, how pleasant it would be, for our heads to reach the trees, as we walk in the orchard, and to pick the cherries, pears, and peaches, as we now do the currants and gooseberries from the bush. That would be charming!

M. We might also look into the windows of people who lived even in the third story! Ha! ha! I think we should put them in a fine fright!

F. I should not fear the carriages, when I wished to cross the streets. It would only be to step,—look ye! thus,—(*he strides,*) and I should see horses, wagons, coaches, and men, all pass under me, while I smiled in pity at their littleness.

M. You know the little river which runs at the bottom of our garden? We now need a small boat to cross over it, or we have to go a quarter

of a mile to the bridge. Then, with a stride or a leap, we should be on the other side.

F. And besides this, we should be stronger if we were larger. If a bear should attack me, as I crossed a forest, I would twist his neck, as I would that of a pigeon, or toss him two hundred feet into the air, while he should be so occupied with reflections on his fall, that he should forget to run away.

M. We should not want oxen, to till the ground, as we could easily draw the plough ourselves, and in ten steps we could cross the field. I saw, the other day, more than fifty men at work, driving piles to make a causeway. How hard they worked! Well, with a great hammer, such as my size would enable me to raise, one man might do all their work in a single day. Is it not so, papa?

Mr. L. This is fine talk, truly. Yet, with all your fine wishes, do you know you are very foolish?

M. How, foolish?

Mr. L. Yes; to think you would be happier if you were larger than you now are.

M. But if we were able to do a great deal more than we do at present?

F. For example: would it not be quite convenient, could we reach things very high, and go over a great deal of ground at each step, in travelling?

Mr. L. Before I answer you, inform me, if, becoming thus so very tall, yourselves, you would

have every thing else remain as small as it was before your alteration?

F. Certainly, papa.

M. Yes, yes; there should be none but us three giants.

Mr. L. I thank you; but for my part, I am contented with my size, and would not wish to change it.

F. Yet I think we ought not to be near so large as you; for otherwise it would be the children's part to whip their father.

Mr. L. It is a happy circumstance for me, that I shall not, in a hurry, be exposed to so much danger.

F. O! but I would spare you, recollecting you had often shown me favor.

M. You do not wish, then, papa, to be larger?

Mr. L. No, indeed: but let us speak, in this place, for your brother and yourself; and observe what would result from your being larger. In the first place, if, as you wished just now, you were as tall as the cherry-tree, how would you be able, as at present, to walk among so many trees as are in our orchard? you would be obliged to crawl upon your hands and feet, and even then, you would find it very difficult to get along.

F. But you forget, papa, how easily I might put my foot against the first tree standing in my way, and tread it down; or I could pull it up. It would be like a wheat-stalk to me.

Mr. L. Thereby you would pursue a very prudent plan, truly! and, in proportion as you want-

ed much more fruit to satisfy your palate, you would destroy the trees that bear it. But let us go a little further than our orchard. There are many streets and roads about us, upon one side shaded by a row of trees, whose branches overhang the pathway. Well, men who are of common heights can walk beneath those branches, at their ease, and find their shade quite comfortable, in the scorching heat of Summer, particularly at noonday; but you would be obliged to walk along the middle of the road, and have no shade. And then, what would become of you, when you should have to make your way through a forest? When you had got quite through, what a perspiration you would be in, by pulling up the trees for ten or a dozen miles before you!

F. I should be fatigued a little, but not more than were I now to make a hole sufficient for my passage through a hedge.

M. I would uproot the tallest oaks, like some madcap of whom I have read in my History.

Mr. L. I should sincerely pity those who were condemned to live near you; but, with such long legs as you would have, you would take it into your head, no doubt, to travel?

F. Travel! Why, papa, I would go from one end of the world to the other.

Mr. L. Like enough! And without stopping, I presume! For where, tell me, would you find a house, a chamber, or a bed, half big enough for your enormous stature? You would certainly be forced to lie all night abroad, upon a haystack.

That would be quite charming! Do you not think so?

F. Alas! I should be like poor Gulliver, at Lilliput.

M. Ay, indeed; you have not, brother, made your system, I can see, quite perfect. No, you must have other men as big as you are yourself.

Mr. L. That is more generous, I must own. But then how would the ground suffice to feed so many monstrous giants? In a parish that subsists, at present, for example, five hundred people, twenty would not find provision. We should each of us consume our ox in eight and forty hours, and might easily drink a barrel of milk at breakfast only.

M. Oh! but I would have the oxen bigger, likewise.

Mr. L. And how many such oxen might be put to graze within a common meadow?

M. Truly, but a very few, indeed.

Mr. L. I see, then, that, for want of pasture, we should soon want cattle.

M. Well, then there is but one thing more to look to, and the matter is settled. We must have the world grow bigger, also.

Mr. L. Nothing puzzles you, I see. To be a few yards taller at a minute's notice, you would stretch all Nature. It is a *great* thought, indeed; and yet I think you would be far from finding any advantage, after every thing was settled as you wished.

M. And why not, papa?

Mr. L. Can you inform me what proportion means?

M. No! papa.

Mr. L. Then stand here by your brother. Now, which is the taller, you or Frederic?

M. You can see for yourself, papa; he does not reach my ear.

Mr. L. Come, now, and stand by me. Now, which is the shorter?

M. I am, papa.

Mr. L. It seems, then, that you are at once both tall and short.

M. No, papa; I am neither tall nor short, to speak properly. I am tall compared with Frederic; but I am short, compared with you.

Mr. L. And if we were to grow, all three at the same time, ten times taller, would you, then, be less, respecting me, or larger, in respect to Frederic, than you are at present?

M. No, papa; for there would always be the same difference.

Mr. L. That is what proportion means. It is a regular gradation.

M. Ah! I understand you now.

Mr. L. In that case, let us come back to your idea. If, in Nature, every thing were to become proportionately larger, you would still be exactly at the point whence you first started. You would not, then, be capable of frightening people in their garrets, by looking at them through their windows; you would find it no less difficult to step across the river, or drive piles without assistance, than at

present; and you would be equally unable to twist off, as you expressed it, a bear's neck, or send him up two hundred feet into the air; he would be still much larger than yourself.

M. I see that he would be.

Mr. L. Frederic, have you heard us?

F. Yes, papa.

Mr. L. And you understand the meaning of proportion!

F. O, yes! Proportion is when any one grows larger, and another does the same.

Mr. L. But can you give me an example?

F. I believe I can, (*after having thought a moment.*) It would be in vain for me to tell my brother, that when three years were past, I should be three years older; he would still be the older, as he also would be three years older than he is at present.

Mr. L. Excellently well conceived! And thus, though you should grow as large in stature as our cherry-tree, our cherry-tree, in turn, would have grown larger also, by the difference now between you.

F. That is plain.

Mr. L. Could you, in that case, take the cherries with as much ease as now you gather currants?

F. No, papa, I could not then do without my pole and my ladder; not the same as formerly; those would not serve me any longer; for in this case it would be necessary that the proportion should be still preserved.

Mr. L. And would the carriages then pass between your legs?

F. Certainly not; I should be still obliged to keep upon the pavement, if I would not have them throw me down.

Mr. L. And what advantage, then, would you derive from such a general change of nature as your pride would introduce?

M. I do not see any.

Mr. L. Your desires, therefore, were foolish, since their accomplishment would not have made you any happier than you now are.

M. Truly, papa, you are right. It would have been much better if we had wished we might be little; yes, quite little.

F. What, brother, like the little men of Gulliver?

M. Certainly.

Mr. L. Ha! ha! Another strange conceit! And what can be your motive for this diminution?

M. Because, among a number of good consequences, one would never fear a famine; since a very little wheat,—a handful only,—would make bread enough to serve a family for four and twenty hours.

Mr. L. Truly, there would be a great saving!

M. And besides, we should not then have any cause for war, as a place no bigger than our garden would be large enough to build a great city. Men, then, having much more space to range in than they want, would never go to war with one

another, to obtain (as I have heard you say they do) an inch or two of land.

Mr. L. I would not answer for them on that point, acquainted as I am with human folly: but I will not disturb so charming an arrangement by my fears; and therefore am contented to suppose I see both peace and plenty flourishing among us.

M. O, that is not all. My teacher tells me, that little creatures are much more delicate and perfect in themselves than great ones; that they have a much more piercing sight, and a finer sense of hearing; and that their sense of smelling is much superior. Is that true, papa?

Mr. L. Yes, in general.

M. Then were we much smaller than at present, we should see, and hear, and smell, too, many things, of which, at present, we have no knowledge.

Mr. L. These advantages, it is true, are very precious; yet I own I should be sorry to renounce, for such advantages, the universal empire we now exercise over every thing that breathes.

M. There would be no occasion to renounce it: for, remember, you have often told me, men bear rule much rather by their understanding, than by mere strength of body.

Mr. L. That is true; because their strength of body is exactly in proportion to their understanding. But bestow upon a Lilliputian's frame the greatest and most sublime genius; give him even our inventions and our arts, advanced to the perfection which they have attained among

us ; do you think he would be able to employ our smallest instruments, and manage properly the meanest of our numberless machines or engines ? How would he defend himself against wild beasts, when even the dog which he keeps within his dwelling would, without designing any mischief, crush him under foot ?

M. But if every thing becomes proportionably little ? There, I think, I have you.

Mr. L. Only to confound yourself ; because, then, men lose all the advantage you would give them. Their deficient harvests would not keep them from the fear of famine, and their wars, without being less frequent or ferocious than at present, would be more ridiculous ; the inferior animals would still have finer organs, and more delicate sensations ; and perhaps, too, with their laughable littleness, they would take upon themselves, as you do, to alter and reform the universe

M. Papa, you are much too hard upon me ; one can settle nothing with you.

F. Because you scarcely know what you talk of, brother. There is but one way to order matters for the better.

Mr. L. So you can improve matters, too ?

F. Quite as well as Maurice.

Mr. L. Let us see your plan, I pray you. It must be very curious, I suppose.

F. We only need to have a harder body, as hard as iron.

Mr. L. Why so ?

F. You see the prick here in my little finger. It seems nothing; and yet I cannot tell you how much pain it gives me.

Mr. L. I pity you, poor little fellow.

F. And this wound which I gave my head, a month since, by tumbling down stairs; it was cured but a week ago. Feel here, papa:—there! that is the place.

Mr. L. I feel it, indeed.

F. O! what pleasure it would be to play with the dog, without fearing his bite, and with puss, and not fear her scratches! Then, when I am old enough to be a soldier, and go to the wars, I should laugh at balls and bullets, and swords would be broken on my head, or wherever else they struck. Would not that be very convenient?

Mr. L. It would, indeed!

F. In that case, we should want for nothing: we should be quite perfect. Should we not, papa?

Mr. L. (*taking an orange from his pocket.*) See here, Frederic; smell this orange.

F. O! what a fine smell! It must be very good to eat. Do you design to give it me, for having settled matters better than my brother?

Mr. L. No: it is not for you.

M. For me, then?

Mr. L. Nor for you. I mean it for one more perfect than either of you.

M. And who is that, papa?

Mr. L. It is for the image on my chimney-piece.

F. You are joking, papa! why, he can neither see, nor eat, nor smell.

Mr. L. And yet he is made of iron.

F. And for that very reason, he cannot do either.

Mr. L. You yourself, then, would certainly have sacrificed the satisfaction which results from seeing, from eating, and from smelling, to the boast that you could never break your head by falling from my chimney-piece: for, were you made of iron, as you wished, you would be only fit to stand there with my images.

F. Oh, I do not mean so, papa; I would be living, while I had this iron body.

Mr. L. And how then could an iron body be animated by that blood, and by those fluids, which keep up our life? By what means could its nerves be made so flexible as they are, and have that sensibility which makes us so expert, or ready in the use of every limb, and renders the enjoyment of our senses so delightful?

F. O dear! I see my arrangement is no better than my brother's.

M. But papa, since you are so good at thus destroying our plans, it is your turn to provide us with a better one in their stead.

Mr. L. And why should I provide one? I am perfectly satisfied with that which God's providence has already established. Yes, my children, I am sensible we are furnished with whatever can promote our happiness; superior in our conformation to all other animals, we tame, by

virtue of our genius, those which in strength surpass us. If we have not the rapidity of stags and horses, we can make darts and arrows, which will overtake the one, while he is running from us, and can mount the other, to direct him whither we think proper. We have not the wings of birds; but we can put in motion the tall trees which grow in our forests, which, when formed into masts, and placed on ship-board, will enable us to visit the remotest parts of the earth. Our sight, less piercing than that of insects, is not bounded to the narrow space in which we move; but can take in an ample horizon, and contemplate the miracles of Nature. It is impossible for us to gaze, like an eagle, at the sun; but we invent an instrument which seems to draw us nearer to that luminary, so that we may measure his immensity of distance, and observe the place he occupies in the midst of an infinity of stars, obscured by his superior brightness. Every other sense which we have contributes, likewise, to procure us a succession of enjoyments, and effect our safety. Conscious of our genius, we are every day in search of new discoveries; we disarm the thunder, or else direct it where to fall; we make one element resist another; we oppose the beneficial warmth of fire to the inclemency of frost; and keep the land from being overflowed by inundations. Sometimes we descend into the bowels of the earth, and bring out thence the precious metals, which are purified; and then, by an ingenious mode which we have of mixing them together, we form

new substances. And sometimes we mark out those rocks which hang, just ready, as it were, to fall upon our heads, precipitate them from their height into the valleys, and soon after make them reascend, in sumptuous edifices, or in stately pyramids, that prop, as we may say, the clouds, so high above them. The society into which we enter, for the satisfying of our mutual wants, brings us, in return for our own toil, the labor of ten thousand hands, all eager to procure us the conveniences of life. To whatever side we turn, we have at our command the various products of the universe, all brought together for our use. The sciences exalt our soul, and charm our faculties. The arts, by having introduced such numberless machines, lighten our labor, or refresh us when we seek repose. Memory and reflection give us the advantages possessed by all who have preceded us; and, aided by the grateful knowledge of our personal existence, we enjoy those pleasures which arise from family connexions, and are likewise joined to others by beneficence and charity. We are sure of happiness, if we but moderately use our strength, and make a constant application of our reason to the business of determining our conduct. So that, if we ever interrupt our happiness, by going further than we should do, the blame must be charged to our own folly. We then seem children, like you, who, instead of gratefully enjoying the conveniences and comforts of our situation, and courageously enduring its few evils, vex ourselves with wishing for ideal bles-

sings, or disgrace our nature by a lack of manly courage.

And now, my dear children, I hope this conversation will be of service to you, and that you will have learned from it, that He, who created us and all things, has ordered every thing wisely, and in such a way as best to effect the ends He had in view. He knows what is best, and always does what is right; and nothing which He has done could have been done better. Man cannot improve the works of God; and man himself is best as he is.

CHARLOTTE AND THE OLD MAN.

BEFORE the house in which Charlotte's parents lived, there was an opening, ornamented with a grass-plat, and quite overshadowed by a noble tree. From this opening, the eye could plainly see whatever passed along the public road. Charlotte would frequently come to this place, and sit beneath the shade, in her little chair, while her hands were occupied with a stocking she was making for her dear mamma, who had instructed her to knit.

One day, as she was sitting there, she saw a poor old man, advancing very slowly towards her, on the road: his hair was of a silvery white, his back was bent with age, he rested on a stick, and seemed to walk with pain. "Poor man!" said Char-

lotte, looking at him; "he seems very much in pain, and probably is poor. If so, then he is doubly miserable."

Further on, she saw a company of boys, who followed after the old man. They quickly reached him, and remarked his thread-bare coat, which was exceedingly long skirted, and the sleeves of which were much too short. His hat, quite rusty, did not escape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his shoulders; he had hollow cheeks; and on seeing him, they all burst into a laugh. As it happened, there lay a stone upon the ground before him, over which he stumbled; this set them again a laughing, while the poor old man looked at them, and sighed.

"I once was young as you are," said he to the boys, "and did not laugh at the infirmities of such as I am now. You will in time be old, yourselves; and every day you are approaching towards my time of life. You will then be sensible of the injustice of your ridicule." So saying, he went on again, but made a second stumble, and, in struggling to preserve himself from falling, lost his cane, and down he fell.

At this, the boys renewed their laughter, a third time, crying out, "Ah! ha! old daddy; well now, how will he get up?"

Charlotte, who had heard the old man speak, and was touched with pity for him, saw his situation, put her stocking upon the chair, ran towards him, picked up his cane, put it back into his hand, and, taking hold of his other arm, as if she had

been very strong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing the boys might say.

The poor old man looked at her. "Lovely child," said he, "how good you are! You console me for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be for ever happy!" and so saying, they walked on, together; but the boys no longer followed him, as they had done before; being possibly ashamed of their proceeding.

Some moments after, one of them himself fell down, and all the rest burst out a laughing, as they had already done at the old man. The boy was very angry at this, and, when up again, ran after his companions, pelting them with stones. He was then convinced how unjust it is to laugh at any one's distress: he formed a resolution never, for the time to come, to laugh at any one's pain, and followed the old man, at whom he had been laughing, though at a distance, hoping he might have the opportunity of making some atonement for his fault.

In the mean time, the old man, assisted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, went on with slow but sure steps. She offered him the opportunity of stopping to repose himself a little. "Do you see our house?" said she. "Pray stay, and sit a little under that large tree; my parents neither of them are at home; you will, on that account, be worse received; yet still, you will enjoy a little rest."

The poor old man accepted Charlotte's offer. She brought him a chair, and then, to cheer his

spirits, gave him some good beer, and bread and cheese.

Her guest could not refrain from thanking her, repeatedly. "You have your parents yet," he began; "they love you; you love them. They cannot, therefore, but be very happy: may they always be so."

"And you, good old man," said Charlotte; "have you no children?"

"I had once a son," said he; "he lived in the city, affectionately loved and often came to see me; but, alas, he is now dead, and I am left without the least degree of consolation. His widow is rich; but she is proud, and imagines it not worth her while to know whether I am dead or living, as she wishes to forget that her husband's father is a peasant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine." He was so much affected, while he spoke these words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

The gentle Charlotte, likewise, was affected, and cried out, "Can any one be so cruel! Ah! *my* mother, *my* dear mother, would not act so wickedly." On this, she spoke of other matters, that she might not grieve him; when he arose, and thanked Charlotte, with a blessing. But she would not let him depart so; she wished to go a little way further with him.

On the way, they saw the little boy who had been following them. He had run on a great way ahead of them, and was now sitting on the grass; he cast his eyes down, when they looked upon

him ; got up, after they had passed, and followed them again. Charlotte observed him, but would not speak of him. She asked the old man if he lived alone.

"No, little lady," answered he ; "I have a cottage. See, it is there, beside yon tree, across the meadow. You observe it is no great distance off. It is in the middle of a little garden. I have an orchard, and a field, likewise ; and I told a poor old neighbor, who some years since lost his cottage, which fell down through age, that, if he would but come and live with me, he might, in future, cultivate my ground. I told him I would live with him, he should enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only ask him to provide me with necessaries. He consented. He never had any children ; he is extremely good and honest ; and, for my part, I am quite at ease in his society. And yet, in spite of all his diligence, at times, I think myself deserted. I no longer see my son, from whom I was constantly accustomed to receive the tenderest tokens of affection. In the very place where I have seen him run towards me, I am now assisted only by the hand of strangers. I no longer see his children, who have utterly forgotten me ; I shall live far distant from them ; I shall die, and very likely never see them again. Oh ! if their poor father were but living still !" He could not utter a word more.

The gentle Charlotte, touched with his sorrow, said to him, "I will come and see you, with my mother. We will frequently be with you." But

her kindness only served to aggravate his grief, for it reminded him of how much consolation he was deprived; and, in returning her his thanks, the tears, he could not avoid shedding, prevented him from seeing where he walked.

He took his handkerchief, to wipe his eyes, and, troubled by sad thoughts, instead of putting it again into his pocket, let it drop on the ground, without perceiving what he did, nor did his young companion notice it. The little boy, however, who continued to follow them, observed the whole transaction, picked it up, and ran to give it him. "Here, good old man," said he, "you dropped your handkerchief: it was on the ground."

"Thank you, thank you, heartily, my little friend," answered the old man. God's providence be praised for all things! Here is an honest little gentleman, who does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the afflictions that attend it. O no! you do not look with scorn upon a poor old man. I see it in your eyes. You are not of the number of those wicked little fellows whom you must certainly have passed, although you were not with them."

Charlotte recollected having seen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing, just as they did, but she did not say a word about it; not wishing to give him pain, by telling what she knew, while he appeared desirous to atone for his fault.

The little culprit, however, held down his head, and more than once thought of lying, but was not used to such a crime. Besides, he was not so

wicked, that he needed to conceal the truth, lest people should despise him. "Pardon me," said he; "I was among them, and insulted you, as they did; but am now extremely sorry for it. I have found out, before this, that when I mix with children of my age, or thereabouts, I am far more wicked than when alone. No, never, were I by myself, should I have laughed at those false steps you made; but, on the other hand, my first desire would certainly have been to help you. I should now be very happy to assist you, if I could, and thus make amends for my offence."

"You have already done so, my good little friend," said the old man. "You have a great deal of candor and good-nature, and will certainly become an honest man. I dare believe as much. Come, therefore, both of you, to my abode. It is just before us, but a few steps off, and we shall soon be there. I will let you have some milk, and we will drink together."

At this invitation of the good old man, the little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have preferred to refuse, but did not, from a fear of grieving him. They soon reached his habitation. He brought out some milk, two porringers, a loaf of bread, which was rather coarse, it must be owned, but very good. They all sat down upon the grass, and made a comfortable meal.

"What pleasure you both give me," said the old man. "Yes, truly, I am very much delighted upon this occasion. I have found out two good little friends, who neither scorn the poor man, nor

the infirm. My sleep to night will be the sweeter for it."

Both the boy and girl, who sat beside him, testified their pleasure by their looks, which were more expressive than words. And now they began to think of going. Charlotte feared her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little boy expressed how grieved he was, so soon to quit him: but his mother, as he feared, would scold, should he stay longer.

"She must, then, be very cross, if you are so afraid of her," said the old man.

"Not always," said the little boy. "She is however, sometimes so; and, though she loves me, yet I fear her greatly."

"And your father?"

"O! I scarcely knew him: he has been dead these four years."

"Dead these four years!" interrupted the old man, fixing his eyes upon the child. "Should it be he?—I have some recollection of his features! Should it be the little Francis!"

"Yes, yes; Francis is my name!" said the little boy.

The old man stood, for some moments, motionless, and then, with an altered voice, his eyes full of tears, and his arms extended, he cried out to Francis, "My dear child! you do not recollect your grandfather. Embrace me. You have the very features of my son. My dearest child, you were not thinking of me."

Francis tenderly caressed him, but endeavored

in vain to speak. Charlotte, too, shed tears of joy, to see the old man comforted.

"You see him," said the old man, "you see him; he is, in reality, the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my son. My son affectionately loved me, and *his* son will love me, too. I shall not be so wretched as I thought for, in old age, nor will the evening of my life be passed without some joy. I shall depart in peace; but I forget that, by detaining you, I may subject you to your mother's anger. I was so much pleased, that I forgot that circumstance. Depart then, my dear boy; I do not wish my joy should cost you tears. Depart, and love your mother, be obedient to her, even though you should not come and see me. It will be very hard, however, should you quit me now for ever. Come and see me, if you can, provided you do not disobey, or tell a story, to obtain permission." Turning then to Charlotte: "And for you, dear little maid," said he, "I am convinced you ought to leave me, as your parents would be certainly uneasy should you stay. I owe you all my joy, and shall for ever bless you. Come at times, and see me. Do not, I beseech you, my dear children, utterly forget me. May you both be happy!"

At these words, the children went away, affectionately holding one another by the hand; but every now and then they looked back, while the old man kept looking at them, and did not turn to go in doors, till they were out of sight. Little Charlotte reached home safely. Her parents had

not yet returned; but when they came, she told them where she had been, and what she had seen. It was the subject of their evening's conversation.

On the morrow, they all went to see the good old man: and afterwards frequently repeated their kind visit. Francis, likewise, came to see his grandfather. He was rejoiced to see him, to hear him speak, and to receive the most affectionate caresses from him; while, for his part, Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not see Charlotte: he was then quite sorrowful, and went home sad. The more he grew towards manhood, the more he loved her; and when he was old enough to take a wife, he made choice of her, though she was not rich. The old man lived to see them married, blessed them, and soon after died in peace.

INDUSTRIOUS POVERTY RELIEVED.

Mr. Johnson and his son William were one day walking in the country, when they came to a cottage, the door of which being open, they were enabled to see what was going on within doors. The mother of the family had a fine-looking boy in her arms, while a little rosy-cheeked girl sat by her side, and an older boy was busily employed in spinning. The poor woman was crying, and appeared to be very much afflicted; and Mr. Johnson proposed that they should go in, and inquire what was the matter. On approaching the door,

he said, "My good woman, you have fine children here."

"Yes, sir," replied the woman, sobbing; "they are very pretty, and I love them very much."

"But why are you crying?" said Mr. Johnson.

"O! sir," replied Mrs. Murphy, (for that was the name of the poor woman,) "my poor children have had nothing to eat, to-day; and though they have been constantly crying for bread, I have none to give them. My poor husband has been sick these three months, and I have been obliged to spend for him all the money I had, besides selling my furniture. He is unable to leave his bed, and I must provide for him and for these children. My oldest boy does all he can for us, by spinning, but as he is only six years old, he cannot do much. It will soon be Winter, and I know not what to do, or how I shall get along with my husband and these children, during the cold weather."

While Mrs. Murphy was thus relating her story to Mr. Johnson, the little boy was observed to wipe the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, and then go on with his work with renewed ardor. His mother, having finished her tale of wo, rested her head against her child, and again began to weep.

"Papa!" said William, "I pity this poor woman very much. I have half a dollar that was given to me the other day, to spend as I pleased; and I should like to give it to this poor family. May I do so?"

"Yes, my son," said Mr. Johnson; "you may do what you please, you know, with your money."

"Thank you, papa!" said William, taking the money out of his pocket, and handing it to Mrs. Murphy. "My good woman," said he, "take this money, and buy some bread for your poor children."

On hearing this, the little boy, whose name was George, left his spinning-wheel, and running to William, took his hand and said, "O! how I thank you, young master! We are all very hungry, and my father and mother are very poor."

"O papa!" said William, "cannot *you* give something to these poor people? I have given them all I have, but that is not enough for them."

"Yes, my dear child," said Mr. Johnson, "I will follow your good example." He then said to little George, "Come here, my dear. You are a good boy, thus to work for your parents. I hope that you will always be so good; and that you will often find people to assist you. Here is a dollar, which you may give to your mother, to buy bread, or whatever else you may need. We will come and see you often."

"Thank you! Thank you! sir, ten thousand times!" said Mrs. Murphy. "O sir! you know not how much good you have done us. I shall now be able to get some help for my poor husband, who really needs it."

"Your thanks are due to our heavenly Father, who sent me to you," said Mr. Johnson. "But has your husband had a physician?"

"Yes, sir! I desire to be thankful," replied Mrs. Murphy. "He has had an excellent one, who lives near to us, and who attends him as faithfully as if he were the richest man in the country."

"That is a very great blessing for you," said Mr. Johnson. "A good and kind physician can be very useful. But where do you get medicine?"

The woman replied, "Our good physician provides that himself."

"He is a good and benevolent man," said Mr. Johnson, "and I respect him for his kindness."

"O! sir," said she, "if he had only seen my poor husband when he was first taken sick, he thinks he could have entirely cured him. But we have only been acquainted with him for a month."

"I hope," said Mr. Johnson, "you will obey all his instructions, and have patience; and then you may hope to see your husband restored to health again. But it is more difficult for persons to recover from sickness at this season of the year than at any other."

"I know that, sir," said the woman, "and I am too much accustomed to suffering to be impatient."

"It is well for you, that you are so resigned," said Mr. Johnson. "I am happy to find you so. You may be sure that I will soon come again, and see you."

"Thank you! thank you! sir," said she. "I shall always be grateful for your kindness. I

would like to have you see my husband; but he is asleep, now." Then, speaking to her little girl, she said, "Stand up, Jane, and make a courtesy to these gentlemen."

Jane did as she was bid, and William took hold of her hand, and said, "Good-by, little girl! good-by, good woman."

"Good-by, sir, good-by, young master," said they all.

They then left the cottage.

"Well, William," said Mr. Johnson, on their way home, "what do you think of these people?"

"I think them very deserving, papa," said William, "and I am rejoiced that you have given them relief."

"When the poor are willing to labor," said his father, "if they are sick, or cannot get employment, it is our duty to relieve them, as much as we can. But when they are idle, and it is their own fault that they are in distress, we must be careful how we lead them to expect relief, lest we encourage them in idleness. The little boy, who was spinning, appears to be a good child. Did you observe how clean his clothes were?"

"Yes, papa," said William, "and I noticed how steadily he kept at work, as if he was afraid to lose a moment of his time."

"Industrious children are usually very clean in their appearance," said his father; "but idle children generally appear dirty and disorderly. I hope you will always imitate the example of this

little boy. Be patient and industrious, like him, and you will find favor with all who know you."

"But, papa!" said William, "you would not have me learn to spin, like little George, would you?"

"That may not be necessary, my son," said Mr. Johnson; "all men are not designed for the same occupations. But if you apply yourself diligently to whatever I think necessary for you, you will have the satisfaction of hearing me say, as the poor woman just now did of George, 'He is a good child! he tries to do his duty.' This will make you very happy, and it will make me love you the more."

"I hope I shall always deserve your love, papa," said William; "and I will try to do all you tell me."

"By so doing," said his father, "you will please me and benefit yourself. And I hope you will always remember the lesson which our visit to this poor family may teach you. You showed the generosity of your disposition, by so promptly offering to give them all the money you had; but unless they had appeared industrious and neat, I should not have approved of giving them money. I should not have refused to relieve their distress; but *money* cannot safely be trusted to those who are idle and slovenly. They will be very likely to make a bad use of it."

THE FOLLY OF BEING FRIGHTENED.

Mr. Neville was one afternoon in his drawingroom, with his four children, Lucien, Charlotte, Dennis, and Felix, when three gentlemen, whose names were Vernon, Fowler, and Fielding, came to see him. They were Mr. Neville's oldest friends. His children loved them greatly, and were very much rejoiced to see them. They always listened attentively to their conversation, it being both instructive and amusing also. On this particular occasion, they sat with such attention, that they let the night come on, without once thinking that they wanted candles. While Mr. Vernon was narrating a very curious circumstance, which happened to him in his travels, a strange noise was heard from the stairs. The children, in a fright, placed themselves behind their father's elbow chair, instead of going out and seeing what it was, as Mr. Neville thought they would have done. He had told Lucien, the eldest, to step out; but Lucien passed the order to Charlotte; Charlotte, to Dennis; and Dennis, to Felix.

During these proceedings, which, indeed, were all transacted in a minute's time, the noise continued, and approached nearer; till at last it ended; and another kind of noise began upon the landing-place. They kept listening, but neither of them left his station.

Mr. Neville looked at them, as if he meant to

ask, if he, or either of his friends, should rise, and see what accident had happened.

Upon this, they began their march, together, towards the door, keeping close to each other, something in the figure of a square, each supported by the other. They now came near the door, when Lucien, with a timorous step, advanced and opened it; but instantly retreated with precipitation to his former place. The little ones, however, were not in the least relieved from their terror, when they saw something clothed in white, and crawling on all fours. At the sight, they turned about, and, shrieking, retreated towards their father, who rose from his seat, and, going to the entry, cried out, "Who is there?"

"I, sir," replied a voice, which seemed to issue from the floor.

"I?" said Mr. Neville. "And who, pray, are you?"

"The barber's boy, sir. I am looking for your wig. I went up stairs to bring it down, but let the box fall, and it has rolled down stairs, and is broken to pieces." Bursts of laughter now succeeded the preceding silence. Mr. Neville rang the bell for a light, and when it was brought, perceived the wig-box smashed to pieces, and the wig about the boy's right foot.

When the tumult of this laughable adventure was over, Mr. Neville ridiculed the folly of his children, asking them, of what they had been thus afraid? They could hardly tell, themselves; having been accustomed, from the cradle, not to

be afraid at night; and the several servants in the family being forbidden ever to tell them any foolish stories to frighten them.

Their preceding conversation being thus interrupted, it was then directed to the occurrence which had just happened, and the question was asked, "What could occasion the fears so common to all children in darkness.

"It is the natural effect of darkness, and that only," answered Mr. Vernon. "As they cannot properly distinguish objects around them, their imagination, which is always smitten with the marvellous, shapes them into extraordinary figures, by enlarging or contracting what they look at, just as circumstances govern. Upon this, the notion of their weakness easily persuades them that they are utterly unable to resist those monsters, which they think are armed to hurt them. Terror thus obtains possession of them, and too frequently impresses fears, that have the worst of consequences."

"They would be ashamed," said Mr. Neville, "if they saw, in open day, what often gives them so much fright by night."

"I was afraid," interrupted Lucien, "when I saw it; but I needed only touch it, and then knew precisely what it was."

"O yes," said Charlotte, "you have indeed given us an admirable token of your courage. I suppose, you would have let me touch the door, but that I pushed you forward."

"It becomes you well, to talk about my fear,"

said Lucien; "you, who got behind poor little Dennis."

"And poor little Dennis behind me!" rejoined the sly Felix.

"Come," said Mr. Neville, "I can see you have nothing with which to reproach each other. But Lucien's notion is not, upon that account, less rational; for, as in all the monstrous shapes we imagine and figure out continually to ourselves, we have but natural accidents to fear, we may ward off danger by the sense of feeling, which distinguishes what frequently deceives the sight. It is the neglect of this precaution, in our infancy, that makes so many of us fancy ghosts in every object round about us. I remember, on this head, a story, comical enough, and which I will tell you."

The four children now came round their father, crying out, "A story! O! a story!" and their father thus began it.

"In my parent's house, there lived a servant, who was sent one night into the cellar for beer. We were all seated at the table, but neither the servant nor the beer made its appearance. My mother, who was rather of a hasty temper, rose from the table, and went to call her. As it happened, the cellar door was open; but she could not make the servant hear. My mother directed me to bring a candle, and go down into the cellar with her. I went first to light the way; but as I looked straight forward, I did not mind my steps, and suddenly fell over something rather soft. My

light went out; and getting up, I put my hand upon another hand, quite motionless and cold. Upon the cry which I uttered, down came the cook-maid, with a candle. She drew near, and we discovered our poor servant, lying upon the ground, face downward, in a swoon. We raised her up, and let her have a smelling bottle. She regained her spirits; but had hardly lifted up her eyes, before she cried out, 'There! there she is! there, still!' 'Who is there?' said my mother. 'That tall white woman,' answered she, 'there, hanging in the corner! See! see! see!'

"We looked the way she pointed; and in fact did see, as she described it, something white, and of a tolerable length, suspended in a corner. Is it only *that?* replied the cook-maid, bursting into a laugh. 'Why, that is nothing but the leg of mutton, which I bought last night. I hung it there, that it might keep quite fresh and cool; and put a napkin round it, to keep off the flies.' She ran immediately, took off the napkin, and exhibited the leg of mutton to her fellow-servant, as she stood, trembling with fear. It was above a quarter of an hour, before she was convinced of her ridiculous mistake. She at first insisted upon it, that the phantom stared her in the face with saucer eyes; that she had turned, to run away, but that the ghost had followed, fastened on her petticoat, and seized upon the candle in her hand. What happened after this, she could not tell."

"It is very easy to explain all this," said Mr. Vernon, "and to assign the reason, why your

servant fancied thus extravagantly about a leg of mutton. When first seized with the fright, she swooned, and the circulation of the blood was stopped, and she could not run away ; she thought she had been held. She could not hold the candle, and supposed the fancied spectre took it from her."

"We are happy," added Mr. Neville, "that the understanding and good sense of people have begun to dissipate these foolish notions about ghosts and goblins. There was once a time of so much ignorance, that these ideas mixed with superstitious notions, and deprived the boldest of their courage ; but as people become more enlightened, they are at length banished in cities and towns, though they subsist, as strong as ever, in some parts of the country, which are still supposed, by ignorant people, to be inhabited by witches, and a train of evil spirits. What I am going now to tell you is a laughable example of this.

"Thomas, a laboring man, was one evening returning from a fair, with Humphrey and Susan, his two children. It was towards the end of Autumn, when the days are becoming short.

"Passing by a tavern, Thomas told the children he would go in, for a little while, and directed them, as they were well acquainted with the road before them, to go onward, and in a few minutes he would overtake them. Humphrey and Susan therefore went on, slowly, talking of the amusing things they had been seeing. As they were passing round the corner of a little

wood, they looked up a path which entered, opposite to where they stood, into the public road, and their eye was caught by something very bright, which seemed to dance upon the ground, or rise and fall, by turns. Their father, formerly a soldier, had frequently told them they must never be afraid of any thing, which, by night and at a distance, might assume a frightful figure, but go boldly up to it, when they would find it to be nothing alarming. Humphrey had forgotten all this instruction. He could hardly speak; he trembled in every limb, and perspired abundantly; whereas his sister laughed to see him so frightened, and said she would go and see the apparition, nearer. Humphrey in vain informed her it was a ghost, who certainly would twist her neck off. She was not discouraged by these foolish notions, but went onward towards the light, without once stopping.

"When she had approached within a few yards of the bright light which they had seen, she found it was a show-man, whom she seen at the fair, and who was seeking something with his lantern.

"In taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he had drawn out his purse, too; and for upwards of ten minutes, he had looked about on the ground, to find it. Susan assisted him in his search about the hedges, and found it hanging on a bush. The show-man gave her, as a recompense, one of his figures with which she had been much pleased, and which had made her laugh very much; and, as they went along, instructed her to twitch the

strings, and make it play in the diverting manner which she had seen at the show.

"They had but just reached her home, when Thomas came in. The show-man informed him what had happened, and extolled Susan's courage. It was now extremely dark, and Humphrey had not returned. Thomas began to fear some accident; and therefore took a light, and, with Susan, ran to see if he could find him.

"They went very fast, and hallooed, as they ran, by turns. At last, they heard, a great way off, the voice of some one in distress. They went to it, and found Humphrey in a ditch, unable to get out. He was quite covered with mud, from head to foot, and had his face and hands sadly torn with the brambles.

"'How came you here?' said his father, to Humphrey, as he helped him out.

"'Ah father, I was running, with my head turned towards a jack-with-a-lantern that ran after me, and, as I could not see my way before me, I tumbled into the ditch. I tried to get out, but could find only brambles to lay hold of. See how they have scratched my face and hands.' And thereupon he recommenced his cries and lamentations.

"His father reproved him for his cowardice; and Humphrey was much vexed when told what his sister had received. He could not be consoled for having lost his share in the diverting dancing figure which had been given to her, and which she knew how, by this time, to play off with great dexterity."

"The lantern, in your tale," said Mr. Vernon, "reminds me of a singular adventure with a lantern, which performed its part so well, as to affright, not merely such a little peasant as your Humphrey, but a whole village.

"I was coming home, one night, on horseback, from a visit I had just before been making to a number of the neighboring villages, where I had stationed some of my recruits. It happened that there had fallen much rain that afternoon and evening, which had broken up the road, and it was still raining with great violence. Being forced to join my company next morning, I sat out, provided with a lantern, having to pass through a straight and narrow passage between two mountains. I had cleared it, when a gust of wind took off my hat, and carried it so far, that I despaired of recovering it again, and therefore gave the matter up. By great good fortune, I had with me my red cloak. I covered up my head and shoulders with it, leaving nothing but a small hole through which to see my way, and breathe; and, lest the wind should take a fancy to my cloak, as well as hat, I passed my right arm round my body to secure it, so that, riding on in this position, you may easily conceive my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left shoulder. At the entrance of a village on a hill, I met three travellers, who no sooner saw me, than they ran away, as fast as they could. For my part, I went on upon the gallop, and when I came into the town, alighted at an inn, where I designed to rest my-

self a little; but, soon after, who should enter but the three cowards whom I had met. They were as pale as death itself. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they spoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man, all covered with blood, whose head was like a flame of fire; and, to increase the wonder, placed beneath his shoulder. 'He was mounted on a dreadful horse,' said they; 'quite black behind and gray before, which, notwithstanding it was lame, he spurred and whipped up the mountain with extraordinary swiftness.' Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to spread the alarm, as they were flying from this wondrous apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in such a drove, that upwards of a hundred were squeezed together, opening their mouths and ears at this tremendous story. To make up, in some sort, for my dismal journey, I resolved to laugh a little, and to be merry at their cost, intending to cure them of such frights, by showing them their folly in the present instance. With this view, I got upon my horse, again, behind the inn, went round about, till I had rode the distance of a mile, or thereabouts; when, turning, I arranged my accoutrements, that is to say, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came, upon a gallop, towards the inn. I wish you could have seen how the frightened mob of peasants hid their faces at the sight, and crowded into the passage. There was no one but the host who had courage to remain, and keep his eye upon me. I was now

before the door, on which I shifted the position of my lantern, let my cloak drop down upon my shoulders, and appeared as he had before seen me, by his kitchen fire. It was not without real difficulty that we could relieve the simple people, who had crowded in for safety, from their terror: the three travellers, in particular, as the first impression was still strong with them, could not credit what they saw. We finished by a hearty laugh at their expense, and drinking to the man whose head was like a flame of fire, and placed beneath his shoulder. If such conviction of their groundless apprehensions had not been afforded them, the story of my strange appearance might have passed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occasioned great alarm through all the country."

"So, too, did it once devolve on me," said Mr. Fowler, "to supply a fine relation to the gossips of my county, in a matter that one night befel me, at the time I went to school, or rather, just after I had left it.

"I had returned from school at Midsummer, and had received an invitation from my uncle, to be with him for a month or so. I went, accordingly; and being there, I had occasion to get up one night, or rather very early one morning. I had a gallery to pass through, between my chamber and the place I wished to visit, and had nothing to guide my steps but the moon, which was very much obscured by clouds. I happened to go by a window opening into the garden, and

I thought I saw a monstrous figure, moving at a little distance from the gallery where I was. The moon, that shed her rays obliquely on the monster, gave it an appearance rather frightful. It was like an enormous statue, with the upper part inclining forwards. As it went away, I saw it by degrees diminish. All at once, however, it appeared to break in two. One half seemed motionless and dead, the other greatly agitated; but, as neither of the two approached me, I had strength enough to cry out, 'help! help! help!' I had but time to utter these three words, before the living half of the imaginary phantom ran up to the gallery where I was, and, in a suppliant accent, said, 'Ah! Master Cyprian, do not cry out, for heaven's sake.' I remembered, as I thought, the voice; and therefore taking courage, went up boldly to it, crying out, 'Who are you? Some housebreaker, doubtless.' 'No, no, master; I am John, the coachman.' 'John, the coachman!' answered I; 'and what are you about, at such an hour as this?' I followed him, (for he had now gone from me,) and perceived a bag of something placed against the wall. I now saw clearly what had given him so monstrous an appearance just before, and why he seemed to come in two, when he had thrown the sack from off his shoulders. I demanded what the sack had in it. 'I am going,' answered he, 'very early to town. Last night I quite forgot to bring my horses their supply of oats, and they must eat before they leave the stable. So I rose to get it; but pray do not speak a word about

it, in the house, I beg of you: they might think me very careless, and perhaps a thief.' It came into my head, upon the spot, that he might, in fact, be what he seemed afraid of being thought. I had myself, the night before, I remembered, met him with a sack of oats upon his back. Besides, it was not towards the stable he was going; he was very near a little door that opened at the bottom of the garden towards a lane; and more than that, I thought two sacks of oats were a great deal more than three horses (for my uncle had but three) could want. At breakfast, I informed my uncle of this business. After some examination, it was found that the coachman had a key in his possession, which would open the corn-house door, by means of which, he had several times purloined the corn intended for a very different purpose.

"Now, if, when the phantom had approached, and called me by my name, I had not mastered my fear, but had run away, to shun him, with what terrible ideas should I not have been possessed all night? The monster, I supposed I saw, might very likely have pursued me my whole life, and rendered me a coward, if it had not, indeed, affected my brain, and deprived me of my understanding."

Mr. Fielding, in his turn, remarked, that nothing could have been more likely; "as a proof of which," said he, "I have very lately known an unhappy occurrence, that shows how terrible the effects of fear may be on children. I will tell it

you, at length, my young friends," said he, addressing the four children; "and I hope the story will not fail to cure you of a wish to frighten one another when it is dark, if you are ever guilty such a practice.

"Charles Pomroy, a child of great veracity and understanding, had such a taste for music, that, besides his daily lesson on the organ, which his master came to give him every morning, he would go, at night, upon a visit to his master, who resided in the neighborhood, and there repeat it.

"Charles's brother Augustus was a good boy, likewise, but had something of a turn towards drollery; and spent the time, when Charles was at his book, in scheming how he might play off some trick or other, never minding who became the object of his waggery. He took notice that his brother frequently came home alone, and sometimes, when it was dark; and he turned his thoughts upon a scheme to frighten him a little. He could walk on stilts. One evening, therefore, at the time his brother was expected home, he mounted on a pair of very high ones, wrapped a great white sheet about him, that trailed far behind upon the ground; and took a broad-brimmed hat, which, first of all, he flapped, and having covered it with crape, of a sufficient length to hang a great way down on every side, but most of all before him, put it on his head. Thus frightfully equipped, he placed himself upright, and at a little distance from the house, close by the garden-gate, through which his brother always entered, on coming home.

The latter was now returning, in the innocent delight peculiar to a child, and humming to himself the tune he had been playing. He had approached within a dozen paces of the gate, when he perceived what appeared to him a vast statue, who held out his arms, advancing to attack him. Agitated with fright, at such an apparition, he fell down upon the ground, deprived of understanding. Poor Augustus, who had not foreseen the consequences of his fatal frolic, immediately threw away his mask, and fell upon his brother's almost breathless body; and did every thing he could to reanimate him: but, alas! the unhappy little fellow, as he found, was every thing but absolutely dead. His parents were soon on the spot, and, with much difficulty, brought him back to life. He opened his eyes, and viewed them with a vacant, stupid look. They called him by every tender name they could invent, while he appeared as if he did not comprehend them. He endeavored, but in vain, to speak: his tongue essayed to do so, but without articulation. He is now deaf, dumb, and foolish, and will very probably remain in such a situation all his lifetime. Six or seven months have passed, since this deplorable occurrence, and the physicians who attend him have, as yet, effected nothing towards his cure. Imagine, my young friends, if you are able, the distress and sorrow of his parents. It would certainly have been better, both for them and him too, had he died upon the spot. They would not then have every day before them such a piteous object of

affliction and despair. But their distress is nothing, in comparison with that of Charles. Since the unhappy accident, he has been like a skeleton, much more than a human creature. He can neither enjoy eating nor sleep. His tears exhaust him. Twenty times a day he walks about the room, and suddenly stops short: he wrings his hands, pulls his hair, and moans piteously. He calls on and embraces his dear brother, who no longer knows him. I have seen them both, and cannot tell which of the two is the more unhappy."

The children thanked their father and his friends, for the entertainment they had afforded them, and then retired to rest. And in their prayers, that night, they implored strength to enable them to overcome those prejudices, which might lead them to be alarmed at things which they were sensible had no existence; and they also prayed to be guarded from all temptations and alarms which might assail them. They were never afterwards known to be frightened at any imaginary terrors.

THE MOUNTAIN LUTE.

From the highest summit of some hills which overlook many pleasant vales in Italy, I was contemplating the extended landscape before me. I was quite alone, my faithful servant having been sent to a neighboring city, there to wait two or three days, for my return; as I intended to spend

that time in rambling over the romantic country. More than half-way down the hill, I saw a small village, which assured me of a lodging for the night, and thus relieved me from anxiety on that account, while it left my mind at liberty to roam at large, in contemplation, and my eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon, the last song of the silvan choristers admonished me to think of finding shelter for the night. The sun, already hid behind the mountain, colored with his golden and purple rays the clouds that floated, as it were, just above the trees.

I descended, slowly, mortified to see the spacious horizon, whose limits I could hardly trace, contract itself as I proceeded. The twilight now began to veil it with a shade, that, every step I took, grew browner, till the empress of the night dispelled this gloomy darkness, with her light, more placid, though less glorious, than that of the sun which had so lately left my sight. I sat down, for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted or broke off my view, throughout the vast expanse, and I contemplated the infinite extent at my leisure. From the trembling moon and stars, which twinkled while I gazed upon them, I passed to the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorbed in universal silence, saving the low murmur of a stream meandering through the country at a distance.

Stretched upon the grass, I might, perhaps, have gazed till the rising of the sun next morning: but the music of a lute, harmoniously accompanied by a voice, soon after struck upon my ear. I thought, at first, my senses were deluded by the power of my imagination, and experienced the delight of fancying I was suddenly transported, in a dream, to what are called the regions of enchantment.

In the midst of this illusion, while the music still continued, I rose upon my feet. "A lute," said I, "upon the mountain!" I turned round to the side whence the melody proceeded, and discovered, through the gloomy verdure of the trees, at no great distance, the white walls and garden-paling of a cottage. I approached it, with a beating heart; but, what was my surprise, when I beheld a youthful peasant, with a lute, on which he was playing with exquisite skill, while a young woman, seated on his right, gazed on him with an eye of tender affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and elderly people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention.

When I first made my appearance among them, several of the children came to meet me, looked at one another, and then said, among themselves, "What gentleman is this?" The young musician turned his head, but did not leave off playing, till he had finished his strain. He then rose, and I held out my hand. He gave me his, which I seized with a sort of transport. Every one,

upon this, arose, and made a circle around us. I informed them, as concisely as I could, of my business in that quarter of the country and at such a time of night. "We have no inn, within many miles," remarked the youthful peasant, "as our cottage is not near the road; but, if you are content to put up with a cottage and poor people, we will do our best to entertain you."

If, at first, I was astonished at his execution on the lute, and his taste in singing, I was still much more surprised at the politeness of his manners, the precision of his language, and the ease with which he spoke. "You were not born," said I to him, "in a cottage." "Pardon me," replied he, with a smile; "I was, and even in this. But you are fatigued. George, bring a chair. Excuse me, sir; I owe my neighbors this nocturnal entertainment which I am now giving them."

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, like the others. All had, by this time, resumed their former postures; and the silence which I had interrupted, by appearing as I did among them, again reigned.

The young peasant immediately began again to play upon his lute; accompanying it with his voice. He sang a favorite ballad, with so much sweetness, that a tear, as I could see, stood trembling in the eye of every one about him, by the time he had repeated the first couplet. I could not refrain from admiring the genius of the rustic bard, whoever he might be, that could so powerfully affect an unlettered society of people.

I was charmed in seeing how surprisingly those beauties which are drawn from Nature, please the souls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were lost; and at the close, which was the most affecting, I heard around about me nothing but half sighs and badly-stifled sobbings.

After a few minutes' silence, the whole company arose, each wiping, as I could see, his eyes. They wished each other a good night, with perfect cordiality. The neighbors, with their children, went away, and none were left, except an old man, upon a seat beside the door, (and whom, till now, I had not noticed;) the musician, with the young woman sitting by him; George, the young boy, whose name I recollected; and myself.

It was painful for me to arouse from the charming state in which, at that time, I was plunged. I still continued sitting; but at last rose, and, drawing near the young musician, extended my hands, as it were, by instinct, to embrace him. "Sweet it is," said I, "to meet with people who surprise us, at the first slight glance, and finish by attracting our esteem, before a quarter of an hour is passed. He answered me only by an ardent grasp of my hand, while I was speaking.

"Dear sir," began the old man, upon this, "you are content, I find, with our evening's entertainment; I am glad you have so suddenly conceived a friendship for my dear Valentine, for which you shall repose in my bed."

"No! father," interrupted George, who came running in from the barn; "I have been littering

me some straw ; and the gentleman shall lie in *my* bed, if he pleases."

I was forced to promise that I would yield to this last offer. George, upon this, held out his hand; the old man rested on his shoulder, and went in, having wished me a good night.

And now I found myself alone with Valentine and the young woman, who, he told me, was his wife, and named Louisa. I asked them, if, for my sake, they would pass fifteen minutes more where they then were, in conversation with me, as it was moonlight.

"Willingly," said Louisa, who was not a little vain of the attention I had paid her husband.

"Yes, quite willingly," replied Valentine, who saw how much his wife desired it.

I sat down between them, leaning against a tree, through whose foliage the bright beams of the silver moon shed their lustre.

"My dear friends," said I, and took the hand of Louisa, "pray, let me know how long you have enjoyed your present happiness ?"

"For six months," answered she; "and it is upwards of a twelvemonth since my dear Valentine happily returned among us from his travels."

"You have travelled, then ?" said I, with some surprise, excited by this intimation.

"Yes, sir," answered Valentine. "I have visited a part of Europe."

"Every thing, which I see about you," interrupted I, "and every thing which I hear you say, excites much wonder in me ; and if you have no

secret motive for concealing the transactions of your life, I hope you will not refuse to gratify my curiosity, by relating them."

"Certainly you will not," answered Louisa, with the simplicity, which, conscious of no evil meaning, never hunts for phrases or set forms of speech. "This gentleman appears worthy of the favor he has asked you: and, besides, you know, I always hear the story with much pleasure."

He consented, with a smile, to our request; and I shall give you his own words, as far as my remembrance has preserved the narrative.

"As I have mentioned, I was born, sir, in this cottage, towards the end of the year 1760, being, at present, about twenty-three years of age. I had the grief to lose my mother, when I was an infant, and before I had hardly been weaned. My father was in easy though not affluent circumstances; but a lawsuit into which he was forced, by one, who is now no more, but was then a very wealthy farmer, entirely ruined him; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it sold for the benefit of the lawyers. The old man, whom you just now saw, and who has become my father, bought it and came to settle in it. He was struck with pity, seeing me an orphan, at my early time of life, and, though so young, told me I should be his shepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithstanding which, the loss of my poor father, the unkindness of my other kindred, who forsook me, with

the thought of being nothing but a stranger in the cottage where I first came into existence, and the lonely life I led upon the mountain, whither I was sent to watch my father's cattle, so afflicted me, that my accustomed gayety was changed to melancholy. I consumed whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain."

(Here Louisa withdrew her hand, which I still held in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then returned it to me.)

"One evening, I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing, to myself, the very ballad you have just now heard. Towards the conclusion, I observed a man among the trees. I noticed he was dressed in brown: his countenance was very pale; and he seemed melancholy. He waited till my song was finished, and then came close to me, and inquired how far he might be from the public road? 'O! very far, dear sir,' said I; 'above five miles.' 'Can you conduct me thither?' 'I would do so gladly, might I quit my flock.' 'Is it possible that your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?' 'Ah! sir!' said I, 'my parents are a great way off.' 'Where, then?' 'They lived like honest people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.'

"The tone of my voice, as he afterwards informed me, affected this good man, and my reply, he said, could not but interest him. He put several questions to me, and my answers pleased him. Night, by this time, had come, and I brought him

to our cottage, where my master hospitably entertained him. On the morrow, they had some discourse together, with regard to me, and when I was prepared to resume my daily charge, they told me, George would in future take it, as the stranger meant to have me go with him.

"It would be useless for me to tell you what was my affliction, at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though no longer mine, and parting from my Louisa, whom even then I loved, though she was quite a child. My situation was not a happy one; and yet, I could not quit it, without shedding tears. I could not possibly foresee that my future destination was to be decided by the present moment. Yes! to thee, beneficent protector of my youth! I am a debtor for my present happiness! Thou knowest, generous man, how ardently I prayed to God for thy prosperity, while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I bless thy ashes, even now!

"He was called Lafont, and held the place of organist in a parish of no great size. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you advert to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road, to hear his music: but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt, if, in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a genius. He received, through the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very eminent physician, such an education, as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a physician,

likewise; but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion he had long before conceived for music. He had married the daughter of the organist whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, who had been dead several years, still lived in his heart. Her image, and his books, were now his sole society, in the deep melancholy which had seized upon his mind: and though he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the contrary, he did much good in secret.

"He was forty years of age, when he took me with him. He instructed me, at first, to read and write, and afterwards, took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and in teaching me to play upon the lute, which was his favorite instrument. He did not stop at musical instruction; he provided me with selections from the works of the greatest poets. He formed at once my heart, my understanding, and my taste.

"Thus he performed, for five years, the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labor, but from Him, who best knows how to recompense the services we do to our fellow-creatures.

"In the midst of all these occupations, I had never banished from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Louisa, the partner of my childish pastimes. I often spoke of them to my patron, and one day (I never shall forget it, it was the first of May, 1778) he rose early, and going, as his custom was, to take a morning's walk, bade me follow him. We talk-

ed of many matters while we went along, as circumstances presented subjects for our conversation; till, at last, he brought me to the very mountain where I first saw him. 'Dear Valentine,' said he, 'I have fulfilled the duty Providence, as I thought, imposed upon me, the first time I saw you. I am sensible how much you sigh, when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and I have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting once again possession of it. I now show it to you. Look at it; but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither, till such time as you are able to purchase it. I give you my own lute. I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel. You are not without a charming voice. Wherever people hear it, you will be the first of artists in your way, and need not be averse to take the name of an itinerant musician. Such a novelty will never fail to bring you auditors and money; only be discreet and frugal, and, when rich enough, return into your country, and buy back your father's cottage.'

"My heart beat high at this discourse, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his bosom, shedding tears. They were the first I had ever yet seen fall from him, and they made a singular impression on me. After this, we returned in silence to the house.

"On the morrow, at break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he bestowed, at parting, the instruction he imagined I most needed, with three

dollars. In four years' time, I travelled on foot through Italy, France, and Germany, equipped like a peasant of the mountains, with my hair, as you may see at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increased the effect produced by my music; and particularly in the capitals of every country through which I passed. Few noblemen, I presume, ever travelled more delightfully than I did. Every where I found a good reception, from all classes of society. Wealthy people, in cities, made up concerts, for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe they married for the mirth of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many places, I had advantageous offers made me to take up my residence. They swayed me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I again reflected on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanished; nor left one trace remaining. I remember, still, what sweet sensations seized me, every time, while travelling, I went over any mountain, or even came in sight of one; as I imagined, for a moment, I could see my cottage. With my mind continually full of such an image, I endeavored to express my emotions, and these couplets were my composition.

"Dear, humble cottage of my sire,
Where first my childhood played;
In foreign lands, my whole desire
Is, to enjoy thy shade.

"Each object lives within my mind,
That there the eye runs o'er;

The hamlet, with the hill behind,
And linden tree before.

"Astonished at men's pomp and pride,
Vast mansions oft I see;
But only can be satisfied,
Dear cherished cot, with thee.

"I should, indeed, live happy there,
Nor through the world thus roam;
And dear Louise the bliss would share
Of my paternal home.

"Then, O my lute, breathe the sweet strain,
Which daily I renew;
For if my double wish I gain,
To music's power 't is due."

(Valentine went through these couplets with such sweetness and expression, that I was forcibly reminded of the fabulous effect which music is said to have had in ancient times, when the most rapid rivers ceased to flow, the beasts forgot their wildness, and the mountains moved to listen to the poet's song. I desired to speak. I wished to cry out; but found my tongue was without motion. Valentine well understood the meaning of my silence, and thus continued:)

"I will now tell you by what means I came again into possession of this precious cottage.

"Towards the end of December of last year, when I had been twice from one extremity of Italy to the other, I examined into the state of my fortune, and considered myself, then, rich enough to pay a visit to my native mountain. I immediately sat out, and, after several forced journeys, came, in ten days' time, as far as the

city where my benefactor had resided. With what anxious expectation did I not that moment enter it! and, as I went along, ask every one I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleasure of expressing my obligations to him; or of beholding his happiness in the result of his friendship for me. He had died, two months before. I went to shed my tears on his tomb, and made a resolution that I would call my first child by his name, if I should ever be so happy as to become a father. On the evening of that day, I reached this village. Every one, I found, spoke favorably of me, without knowing, at first, who I was. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtained me Louisa's hand. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred dollars, with which his eldest son procured a farm below us, in the village, and upon which he has now been settled for some time. Louisa's father consented to pass the remnant of his days with George, in our cottage. From him, I learned the art of husbandry; for, now that I am once more in possession of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peasant. I have not, as you may see, forgotten my lute, the precious instrument that made my fortune; but still keep it at my side, and often touch its strings, for my own recreation, or to please my family and neighbors."

He ceased his narrative, but still I thought I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his story, was turned insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous, animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherished the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession; every thing, I thought, exhibited an extraordinary youth, and one superior to ordinary men. Louisa first roused me from my contemplation, by leaning forward to embrace him. I seized their hands, and was embraced, too, by them.

We now arose, and went into the cottage, where I was delighted with the order and propriety every where displayed. After having made a plentiful but light repast, upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, George led me to a niche in one of the apartments: it was narrow, but the bed which filled it was both clean and wholesome. This, the little fellow told me, he relinquished with pleasure, in my favor. It was not long before I fell into a downy slumber, and my sleeping thoughts were occupied with the charming objects to which I had recently been witness. I did not, during the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either unemployed or occupied.

Valentine related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him, in travelling, and explained how he acquired that easiness of manners

and politeness of expression, that had first charmed me, and which afterwards, as I discovered, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated the respect and love of every individual through the hamlet. The acuteness of his understanding, the unstudied openness of Louisa, the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of George, made their conversation interesting, and diffused an indescribable variety through every part thereof, that charmed me, and connected them much closer to each other. I was sure I could have passed my life quite happily with them. But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a contemplation? That very night, I was to leave them. I confess, I felt a pang of sadness to reflect upon our separation, and imagined, by their looks, it would occasion them some sorrow, likewise. If my fortune should hereafter permit me, I hope to make another visit to this mountain, for the purpose of revisiting my friends, and renewing those sensations of contentedness and peace, which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

ANTHONY AND HIS DOG.

ANTHONY was the son of a laboring farmer, a very honest man, but so extremely poor, that he scarcely possessed any thing in the world, besides the few tools of husbandry with which he earned a scanty subsistence. His wife had

lately died, after a lingering illness, which had been the ruin of his affairs. The grief which he felt, on this occasion, would have broken his heart, had he not had the consolation of possessing, in his only son Anthony, whom he loved exceedingly, a child gentle and sincere, and in every respect endowed with the most amiable and happy disposition.

Young Anthony was one day passing before the door of a gentleman's house, when a servant called him into the court-yard, and asked him if he was disposed to earn sixpence. "Yes! with all my heart," answered the poor child: "what must I do for that?"

Servant. Take one of our dogs, put a stone round his neck, and throw him into the river.

Anthony. Poor thing! why do you want to kill him? Has he bit any body?

S. No, that is not the case: you shall see the reason, presently.

So saying, he conducted Anthony into the stable, and showed him in a corner, lying upon a wisp of straw, a little dog, that seemed just expiring: his hair had fallen off, and his whole body seemed to be covered with an ugly sore.

A. Oh, the poor creature! He is in a very bad way, indeed.

S. And for that reason, my lady wishes to be rid of him: there are other dogs in the house, and she is afraid that they may catch his disorder. If you have a mind to earn your sixpence, you have only to take him and drown him. I would not touch him, myself, for a dollar.

A. But why throw him into the river? Perhaps he may be cured.

S. It is not likely that he will ever recover. My lady's doctor has given him over.

A. Well, no matter; still one may try.

S. With all my heart. Do what you will with him, provided you rid us of him.

A. But shall I have the sixpence?

S. Ah! you mind the main chance, I see.

A. I do not ask it for myself, but for the poor dog. If I was rich, I could do without it; but I am not,—far from it. I have not always bread enough for myself, and he should not want, while he is so ill.

S. Come, it is a bargain: here is your sixpence.

Anthony saw an old basket, which seemed to have been thrown carelessly about the stable, and asked the servant to let him have it. He laid the dog in it, upon a handful of straw, and hastened to his father, who was at work in a field at some distance.

As he went, he turned his eyes, now and then, on the basket. The disgusting appearance of his patient almost made him sick, but, at the same time, it excited his pity. "Poor little creature," said he, "you must be in great pain. Ah! I wish I may be so happy, as to make you well: however, take my word for it, whether you live or die, I shall never throw you into the river."

His first care was, to buy a small roll, of which he moistened the soft part, to make it the nicer;

but all that the poor dog could do, was to lick it with the tip of his tongue; however, this refreshment, small as it was, served to keep up the strength of the sick animal, and the hopes of his little doctor.

Anthony's father was about scolding him, for not having come sooner; but, when he learnt what it was that had detained him, instead of being angry with him, he was delighted to see that he had so compassionate a heart, and he kissed him for his good-nature.

Near the field where he was at work, there was a pleasant meadow: thither, Anthony carried the little dog, shuddering with sickness, and laid him at the foot of a tree, to bask in the sun. His disorder proceeded only from a superabundance of humors, occasioned by the great quantity of food with which he had been usually stuffed. As soon as the sun had revived him a little, he crawled about the meadow, searching by his smell, for those herbs, which instinct pointed out to him, as proper for his cure. He had scarcely eaten them, before he was much relieved.

Anthony quitted his work, for a moment, to see how his dog went on: and was surprised not to find him in the place where he left him, but was still more rejoiced to see him upon his legs. He took care to carry him to the same meadow, for eight or ten days, successively, at the end of which time, the poor animal was completely recovered. He had never before had so good an appetite, as then. Anthony's sixpence

had been long since spent, in feeding him while sick, but now, that he saw him reestablished in perfect health, he did not hesitate to share his own bit of bread with him. He had given him the name of Cherry, and perceived, with satisfaction, that he grew handsomer every day. His eyes, before so dull and languid, now sparkled with new life: his limbs recovered their usual nimbleness, and very soon, his coat became as sleek and as soft as velvet, and at the same time as white as the snow, when its virgin hue is heightened by the dazzling beams of the sun.

The lady, to whom he had originally belonged, very soon heard of his recovery and restored beauty; and sent her servant to offer Anthony ten dollars, if he would let her have him again. "O! no!" replied Anthony, to the messenger; "my lady would sentence him to be thrown into the river, again, if he should happen to be sick; but I will never forsake him. What are your ten dollars, in comparison with the pleasure which I have, in seeing him so faithful and affectionate? We are too fond of each other ever to part."

Anthony was in the right. He would not have given his dog for an empire; and, in return, his dog would not have quitted him, for the greatest monarch upon earth. He constantly followed his master, or else frisked before him, performing a thousand little gambols to amuse him. Whenever Anthony, after helping his father to dig, quitted his spade for a moment, and sat down under the hedge to take a slight repast, he had only to make

a signal, and Cherry forgot all his own pleasures, and ran to him at full speed: there, standing upon his hinder legs, and wagging his tail to express his joy, he took from Anthony's own lips, the half of each bit of bread that he put into his mouth. Anthony was obliged to experience many wants, but he was never the sadder, on that account: his little four-footed friend continued to give him new amusement, every day, and kept him always in spirits.

Alas! he was soon to experience a great affliction. At the end of Autumn, the little boy became dangerously ill: his father laid out what money he had saved from his earnings, in procuring for his son the medicines, that were indispensably necessary in his disorder. This sorrowful pittance was soon exhausted. He then recollected the considerable sum which had been offered Anthony, by the lady, for his dog. Ten dollars would be to him a treasure, in his present circumstances. He resolved, therefore, to mention this proposal again to his son, but scarcely had he heard it, before he cried out, "never, never;" and his fever was redoubled, by the agitation which so painful an idea excited in his mind.

In the mean time, his disorder grew worse, every day; violent fits of the colic came on, in addition to his fever, and increased his pains considerably. The anguish that he suffered extorted the most piercing cries from him, and occasioned him to twist his body, and roll himself upon his wretched mat, for hours successively.

On these occasions, his little dog would come, and crouch close by him, and fix his eyes on him, with the most significant air of compassion, as if he would have said, "Ah! my dear master, I pity thee!" Anthony, on the other hand, would look at him with reciprocal tenderness; and, when his pains allowed him to speak, "My dear Cherry," he would say, "I must soon leave you. Alas! I saved your life, and you, poor creature, can give me no relief." Saying these words, he would shed a flood of tears, which Cherry would lick off from his burning cheeks.

There lived a gentleman in the neighborhood, of the name of Oxford, who was very rich, and also very humane. This gentleman, hearing of the boy's sickness, and the father's extreme poverty, came to visit them, in order to assure himself of the truth of the accounts that he had heard concerning them, and, at the same time, to relieve their distress.

When this excellent gentleman came to the laborer's cottage, little Anthony was in a most violent fit of his disorder; his father sat by him, overwhelmed with grief. Hunger gave him no concern, though he had, for several days before, lived upon very slight nourishment, barely sufficient to keep him alive. The sight of his son's sufferings hindered him from attending to his own. He endeavored to comfort him, by kind and soothing words, and with his arm supported the child's drooping head. The little dog, standing over him, moaned piteously, and strove, by a thousand fond tricks, to catch a look from his master.

Mr. Oxford stood, for some time, at the cottage door, contemplating this sad picture. At length, he advanced toward them, and was already at the foot of the bed, before they perceived him, or even before the dog turned to bark at his approach; and when Anthony and his father lifted up their astonished eyes, they saw his swimming in tears.

"My good friends," said Mr. Oxford, "I am sorry to see you in this melancholy situation. I am told, sir, that you are not able to furnish the expense of supporting your son, as he should be, in his illness."

"That is only within the past two days," answered the father: "till then, I have been able to give my child bread; but now, there is nothing left in this poor cabin, that I can part with for his support, unless I sell the wretched mattrass, on which he lies."

At these words, little Anthony stretched out his trembling hand upon his dog, and sighed heavily.

"Poor child," said Mr. Oxford, "do not be uneasy; I will take care of you." And then, addressing himself to the father, he said, "Your cabin is damp, and it will do your son no good to remain here, while he is ill. Will you trust him with me? I will take him home with me, and have him cured."

"Trust him with you, sir? Yes, indeed I will, and thank you for your generosity. It restores both of us to life again."

Mr. Oxford repeated his promise, and, affectionately squeezing the little boy's hand, he took

his leave, and went home, to give orders for Anthony's reception. In half an hour after, a stout servant came, who,, wrapping up little Anthony in a good warm coverlet, carried him in his arms to Mr. Oxford's house. His father followed him, with a countenance, in which hope and joy seemed faintly endeavoring to disperse the long settled traces of his melancholy. As to the faithful Cherry, his countenance was fully expressive of the most unequivocal satisfaction. He jumped along, with his head held up, and his eyes constantly fixed on his young master, who, from time to time, opened his covering a little, to have a look at him.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Oxford, and the care of an able physician, little Anthony's illness was soon cured. During the whole time that he was confined to his bed, his faithful Cherry kept him company : it was in vain that they would invite him to take a turn in the fields, if it were only for the sake of the air ; he would not quit his master's chamber. All the ceremony that he would vouchsafe, even to Anthony's father, was, to attend him, when he was going away, as far as the first step of the stairs ; then, all at once, he wheeled about, and came scampering into the room, and making a thousand capers round the boy's bed.

At the end of a fortnight, little Anthony was able to set out for his father's. Mr. Oxford had given him new clothes from head to foot. Any one else would have found it difficult to know him, in his new finery ; but the eyes of Cherry

were not to be deceived, and it may easily be supposed how great was his joy, when he saw his master walk out in the fields, and could frisk and gambol about him, at his ease, once more.

The first word that old Anthony spoke, when his son came home, was the name of Mr. Oxford. "O! my dear child," said he, "had it not been for that worthy man, I should have lost you for ever: you see how happy he has made us. What shall we do to prove our gratitude?"

"O! father, I have already thought of that, but I can talk no more upon the subject, at present; and, so saying, he turned away his face, to hide the tears that gushed from his eyes.

He went to bed very early, yet sleep was a stranger to his eyelids; he did nothing but toss about in his bed, and sigh heavily the whole night.

Next morning, his father asked him in what way he proposed to acquit his obligation to Mr. Oxford. The poor boy had not power to answer him, but pointed with his fingers to Cherry.

He immediately put on his new clothes, and went out; but it was visible, from the inward struggles which this effort of resolution cost him, that his whole stock of courage was exerted to put it in practice. Cherry accompanied him; he had never been so playful as that day: he frisked about with such sportive agility, as to attract the looks of every passenger. Many envied little Anthony the happiness of possessing so handsome a dog; but the more joy and vivacity he showed, the more was Anthony dejected and melancholy. "Ah!" said he, "you would not be so full of

spirits, if you knew that we were going to part for ever. I chose rather to bear my illness, than sell you to procure myself medicines. I would sooner have died: but now, I must give you up to another, unless I choose to show myself ungrateful. Ah! poor Cherry, my poor Cherry!"

In the midst of these melancholy reflections, he found himself before Mr. Oxford's house; he crossed the court-yard, and entering, requested admission to that gentleman, who happened to be in the parlor. While he stood in the hall, his heart throbbed so violently, that he was indebted to the delay of a few moments, (owing to Mr. Oxford's being otherwise engaged,) for the recovery of his spirits. At length, being called for, he took Cherry up in his arms, and entered the parlor. "Worthy sir," cried he, at the same time sobbing violently, "I owe you my life. I have nothing that I can offer you in return, but my poor dog: here I have brought him, sir. It is not without regret that I give him to you; but you would make me still more unhappy by refusing to accept him."

Mr. Oxford had a heart such as all men should have, who wish their own happiness, or that of their neighbors. The ingenuous discourse of the little boy made him smile; but he was not the less struck with the greatness of the sacrifice that he saw him prepared to make to his gratitude. He took him, therefore, by the hand, and said, "No, my dear Anthony, I will not refuse you; I accept your present, with all my heart, and esteem myself fully repaid for every thing that I have

done to serve you : and now, I make you a present of Cherry ; he is yours, in return for the satisfaction that your gratitude affords me."

" How, sir," cried the boy, who was unable to proceed.

" Yes, my little friend," replied Mr. Oxford : " but one thing I request of you, and that is, not to insist any more in opposition to my desire : assure yourself, I am better satisfied than you can possibly be, at having it in my power to make you happy once more."

Anthony, who the minute before had been ready to swoon away, through the violence of his grief, was now, on the contrary, almost overpowered by his excess of joy : he viewed his benefactor with an air of astonishment ; he pressed, by turns, his dear Cherry and Mr. Oxford's hand, which was still in contact with his. He wept, but his tears were those of joy and tenderness.

Mr. Oxford did not cease his kindness here. A place became vacant among his domestics ; and he bestowed it upon old Anthony. As to his son, he had him carefully educated, and gave him a good trade. Cherry lived happily in the family. " Ah !" said Anthony to him, sometimes, when he fondled him, " perhaps I owe all my happiness to thee." He loved him more and more ; and when the inhabitants of the village where he lived would speak, to this day, of two good friends, the names of Anthony and his dog Cherry are sure to be the first that occur to them.